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THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

Volume L. SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 25, 1901. Number 17.

On the Mount.

NOT always on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be;
The shores of thought and feeling know
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

"Lord, it is good abiding here"—
We cry, the heavenly Presence near;
The vision vanishes, our eyes
Are lifted into vacant skies.

Yet hath one such exalted hour
Unto the soul redeeming power,
And in its strength through after days
We travel our appointed ways;

Till all the lowly vale grows bright,
Transfigured in remembered light,
And in untiring souls we bear
The freshness of the upper air.

The mount for vision—but below
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

—*Frederick Lucian Hosmer.*

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ten thousand sinners who ha
posed as saints, and vindicate ten
thousand saints who have been rat-
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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

"First pure, then peaceable . . without partiality and without hypocrisy."

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, April 25, 1901

My Work.

"I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right,
But only to discover and to do,
With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints."

The Bible has considerable to say about faithful people, and very little about the successful. But according to the Bible standard the faithful are the successful.

"Such as I have give I unto you," said the apostle to the lame man at the gate Beautiful. And it was a grand gift which he gave—far better for the lame man than silver or gold. Whoso gives what he has gives grandly. Are we giving such as we have? To give is to live.

Men owe duties to themselves as well as to others. No one can properly discharge his duties to others who does not recognize and discharge the duties to self. But in many lives self and the seeming needs of self are allowed to blind the eyes to the interests and needs of others.

There is no place nor duty in life that cannot be made a stepping-stone to something higher. The one thing needful is to do the duty—the work—that is near at hand. The work the hand finds to do today may be a humble work; it may have to be done in obscurity, but that does not matter. Nothing is obscure to God, and in his estimation there is no insignificant work. They whom Christ called as his first disciples were humble fishermen. But they were seekers after truth, living up to the light that came to them, and they remain today as foundation stones in his church upon the earth.

Russian aristocracy may continue to exile its thousands to Siberia and to promulgate its excommunications, but it cannot stifle love in the human heart. With the seven or eight thousand exiles who went fettered, together, during recent months, across the steppes to Siberia, there went also three thousand two hundred and seventy-five women who preferred the long weary journey with all its deprivations at the end to a separation from their loved ones. A paragraph in the letter of the Countess Tolstoi protesting against the excommunication of her husband, asks: "Does any one really suppose that I shall not be able to find a priest to conduct my husband's funeral service and to pray for him in church—either a good priest who does not regard men in the presence of the God of love, or a bad priest who will put himself at my disposal for money?" These things indicate conditions in Russia that will in time strike autocracy some hard blows. Men and women throughout Russia are coming more and more every year to realize that they are accountable to a God of love, and not to any great head in Church and State. And they are going to act accordingly ere long, and in such numbers as will revolutionize present conditions.

From time to time the value of such a paper as The Pacific to Pacific Coast Congregationalism is especially manifest. A friend of the paper called attention to this fact last week in connection with some commendatory words of the article on "Pioneer Days," stating what will at once be obvious to all, that no such article could have appeared in any Eastern paper. It would have been neither timely nor valuable. But this is what one reader has written us concerning its appearance here: "I think it admirable in conception, in tone and in expression. It is not only timely, but permanently valuable. The type should have been preserved that it might be sent out in pamphlet form. You have done a good service to us all." As soon as the paper containing the editorials entitled "What Shall We Believe Concerning the Pioneer?" and "Pioneer Days" had been printed, marked copies were sent to several of the pioneers, from whom no word of complaint or correction has appeared. The many words of commendation received from readers of The Pacific, some of whom came to California in the years between 1848 and 1855, lead us to conclude that the mistakes we tried to avoid in the preparation of the article were avoided, and that nothing that any fair-minded person can object to can be found therein. One experience in connection with the articles is worth noting here. Monday of last week two young lady reporters, having heard from some of the ministers concerning the articles, asked for copies of the paper containing them. The request was granted, but they were told of the difficulty of taking anything from them without misrepresenting and were asked to be very careful in the selection of anything quoted, by no means to present the dark

side without presenting the other and bright side. One reporter expressed the intention of taking anything she pleased from the articles, without reference to anything said on the other side. Very plainly she was informed that if she did so there would be trouble. Being entirely unreasonable in her position and remarks, she was then told that the matter would be laid before the city editor. This was done, and no use was made of the articles. In all the interviews it was made plain that we should be very glad to have those articles appear in any paper as an entirety, or extracts therefrom if made by a fair-minded and experienced person, not seeking simply the sensational; but that any one garbling would be held strictly accounting for all damage done.

Broadway Tabernacle.

The anouncement of the raising of the floating debt of Broadway Tabernacle, New York—amounting to $31,500—comes as good news to Congregationalists all over the country. On Manhattan Island, Congregationalism has never found a soil favorable to its growth; and Broadway Tabernacle, although famous throughout Christendom, has had a hard struggle often to maintain itself. When Dr. Joseph P. Thompson resigned the pastorate in 1871, the Tabernacle was a great church, but not a large one; the membership was only 578, but for many years it had exerted a great and far-reaching influence. It was the pastor of Broadway Tabernacle who strengthened the heart of Abraham Lincoln at a critical time during our Civil War and put new courage into burdened hearts all over the land. In one of the darkest hours when men here and there the country over were declaring the war a failure, the pastor went into the pulpit and said: "Let this church call for volunteers, equip a regiment and put it into the fielc to show that we will never give it up." A contribution of thirty thousand dollars followed this appeal, but the cheer and courage that came to hearts all over the North none can measure. It was during the twenty years' pastorate of the renowned Scotchman, Dr. William M. Taylor, a prince among preachers, that the Tabernacle saw its best days. Men of wealth, generous men were gathered in, and large contributions went into the treasuries of the missionary and various benevolent causes.

When the present pastor, the Rev. Dr. C. E. Jefferson, entered on the pastorate in 1898, he faced one of the most difficult of church problems. The changes of the years had left the church in the center of a district filled largely with hotels and theatres. Saloons and brothels were on all sides, and a majority of the people living within a mile of the church did not frequent any house of worship. The church itself had swung back from its golden age, financially, under Dr. Taylor, toward the less pretentious years of its earlier history, and yet it contained considerable wealth, several millions. Reviewing the past and seeking to find the best course for the future the pastor, on the occasion in January of the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the church, urged the payment without delay of the floating indebtedness, preparatory to the paying later of the mortgage indebtedness of $50,000. This to be followed by beginning to raise an endowment which, during the next half-century, should be made at least $500,000. It was Dr. Jefferson's judgment that the Tabernacle should remain at its present location and the work be so carried on that "half way through the century we should have at the center of the city an institution which would be the cathedral of American Congregationalism, a blessing to all the world." This, he said, should not be an institutional church, and yet it should be open day and night, seven days out of every week. A city church, he said, should never close its doors. "There should be meetings morning, afternoon and night. There should be Bible classes and missionary classes, and choral classes, and reform meetings, and prayer-meetings, and evangelistic meetings, and meetings for the discussion of ethics and Christian principles as applied to politics and trade and industry. Pastors ought to be incessantly at work persuading men to come to the house of God, and when once here they should be drenched with the Christian spirit and enlightened by the exposition of Christian principles." The Broadway Tabernacle of the twentieth century that he would have could he shape it, would be, he said, "a robust, courageous, aggressive church, evangelical in its preaching, Biblical in its teaching, foremost in all forward movements, a leader in theology, a friend of the wage earners, the organ of reform, a refuge for all sorts and conditions of men, the very incarnation of William M. Taylor, the preacher of righteousness, the living embodiment of Joseph P. Thompson, the creator of public opinion; the lineal descendant of Charles G. Finney, the prophet on fire, calling men to flee from their sins; the magnificent personification of the Puritan spirit, proclaiming to all the world liberty for men and loyalty to God."

It is to be hoped that Dr. Jefferson has inspired his people to undertake to make Broadway Tabernacle in its present location all that for the twentieth century, and that so long as New York may have need of churches it may stand there, like a city on a hill, that cannot be hid, "with an atmosphere warm and fragrant as that of the upper chamber where Jesus communed with his disciples."

Other Down-Town Problems.

Writing as we have concerning Broadway Tabernacle, the mind has been turned toward church problems somewhat similar in other parts of the country. The crowding of business upon the old residential portions of many a city has, during recent years, put not a few churches into the "down-town" list, and forced upon them serious problems for their consideration. In the Congregationalist for April 13th there appeared a study of the conditions of five such churches in Boston. That there are too many in the non-residential portion of that city near the Common, and along Tremont street, is the admission

of nearly all who are familiar with the conditions there. One of the wealthiest, St. Paul's Episcopal, has property on Tremont street valued by the assessor at $1,027,500, and for which a million and a half has been refused. Current expenses and salaries amounted last year to $35,000. But the congregations number about 350 in the morning and 250 in the evening. In this region stand Tremont Temple and Park Street church, into which latter the able Dr. Withrow draws congregations numbering about 400 both morning and evening. A Methodist church on Bromfield street owns property worth about $300,000, pays salaries amounting to $2,535, and has congregations numbering not more than an hundred.

Tremont Temple has an attendance usually of not less than two thousand, and King's chapel, Unitarian, of two hundred in the morning and seven hundred in the evening.

When we read that from seventy-five to ninety per cent of the attendance at the services of these churches is from other and remote parts of the city it is difficult to draw any other conclusion than that the money that is expended in maintaining them in so great numbers in that part of Boston is not wisely used. The good old Puritan city, out from which have gone so many excellent influences, has it in her power here in the beginning of the twentieth century, by the right solution of this church problem, to set an example which may lead other churches here and there throughout the country to heroically attack and rightly settle the problems somewhat similar that are pressing upon them.

But it is not always the wise thing for a church to move from its down-town location. Some down-town churches are needed. While we write there comes to our desk from a Pittsburg correspondent a letter stating that ninety persons were received to membership in the Second Presbyterian church of that city on the 14th, eighty-five on confession of faith. This makes eight hundred and thirty-four new members during the pastorate of the Rev. S. E. Young, which has extended over only three years and three months. It is the belief of the session that as many more have accepted Christ there and joined elsewhere. Our correspondent says: "Though twenty-eight churches have given up their down-town region the past seventeen years, this church has just cleared its debt and doubled its income. Week by week its great auditorium is crowded and frequently numbers are turned away. Business, professional, literary men and students predominate in the congregation, the new accessions being mostly men, and about eighty-five per cent have been on profession."

Two or three years ago not a little was heard in Congregational circles about the removal of the First church of this city from its present location on Post and Mason streets—largely a family-hotel and boarding-house region, toward which business is pressing more closely every year—to some region of homes. Nothing is said now in the First church about a change. And there is a strong conviction that no such change as was contemplated some years ago will ever be made. San Francisco will always need a down-town church. Why should it not be the First Congregational? Centuries have elapsed since St. Paul's in London was established, but its location remains yet today an excellent one. Some day there will be here, on San Francisco bay, a city as great as London is today. That church corner will be valuable then, but it will be a great vantage ground for a Christian church such as the city church of the twenty-first century should be. An endowment for that church, which would make it possible for it to stand forever as a down-town church, would give it a great and far-reaching influence in the life of the twentieth century and of succeeding centuries. We like to think of the future years having both in New York and in San Francisco "a cathedral church of Congregationalism."

Notes.

Let the friends of The Pacific remember that we are dependent on the two-dollar subscriptions for the money to meet current expenses. Every subscriber who fails to renew promptly or who stops the paper going to his address makes it more difficult for The Pacific to do its work.

The Rev. J. A. Cruzan, whom the present writer succeeded as editor of The Pacific in August, 1897, and who is pastor now of the Foreign church at Hilo, is expecting to spend his vacation in California. In a letter to the editor, Mr. Cruzan says: "I congratulate you on making so interesting a paper of The Pacific. I know just how hard it is to make a good quality of newspaper brick 'without straw.' I have been there."

The Plymouth Herald, published by the Plymouth church of Seattle, and edited by Dr. Temple, the pastor, says: "Our good friends of the First Presbyterian church have found that our dear brother, Rev. S. M. Freeland, fits in as conveniently in their denomination as he does in ours. For years he has been on this Coast, a golden link between Congregational pastorates. We are glad to know that our Presbyterian friends have found out his specialty, and that he will fill their pulpit until a new pastor shall come."

On the steamer from China, which will reach San Francisco on Friday, there will be a notable arrival, the Rev. Dr. W. S. Ament of the American Board of Missions in Peking. It is safe to say that Dr. Ament will find himself far more popular in the homeland than Mark Twain now is. The following from the Herald and Presbyter of April the 17th is a fair sample of the expressions concerning him by well-informed journals throughout the country: "Mark Twain has been an exceedingly popular man, but, unfortunately, he has lost a large measure of his popularity with fair-minded people. His attack upon the missionary, Mr. Ament, and his indiscriminate abuse of missionary work and workers, were bad enough. But when his mistake was clearly pointed out to him, his refusal to retract, and his reiteration of the baseless charges, have shown him to be something very different from a sunny-hearted humorist. His statement, in the North American Review, that he has always been 'destitute of the moral sense' is apt to be taken much more seriously than he imagined when he wrote it."

The Bystander.

Dr. Buckley and Christian Science.

Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the New York Christian Advocate, has for many years shown a marked interest in Christian Science and kindred phenomena. In order to acquaint himself with the principles and mysteries of this cult he took a course of study under experts, and came out armed to the teeth against the movement which has swept over the world like a tidal wave.

The other day an opportunity was given, in the annual conference of the New York East Conference, for Dr. Buckley to try his sword. He tried it. A member of this conference was granted a letter of withdrawal, he having gone over to Christian Science; but after a long and heated debate the conference refused to give him back his credentials. A resolution was defeated which appeared to give some recognition of Christian Science. This was opposed by Dr. Buckley. Among other things he said: "Christian Science is not to be opposed because it is absurd or contrary to natural science. It is to be opposed because it denies and ridicules all other doctrines, even to that of morals, for which the Methodist Church stands. It denies the personality of God, it denies the deity of Christ, his vicarious atonement and the power of prayer as appealing to a personal God. I regard it as one of the most subtle forms of heresy with which the Church has had to contend since the third century. To those who do not accept it as a doctrine it offers healing; to those who will not accept it as a system of healing it offers practical freedom from personal responsibility, destroys the nature of sin and the idea of personal repentance. Atheists cannot do as much harm as Christian Scientists, in my opinion."

President Tucker—the Man and His Message.

It is a matter of regret that the President of Dartmouth College did not have a larger hearing during his brief visit to the Pacific Coast. He is a man with a message. The personality of President Tucker is both winning and commanding. He is every inch a man. He is perfectly trained, like a well-adjusted machine, but a machine which throbs with steam. Steam will always inspire the machine, however fine and delicate its parts. Since he has been made head of Dartmouth President Tucker has gained more abandon and freedom in his social relations with the people. He reminds one of a man who has succeeded in climbing, and has placed his feet firmly on the summit. The consciousness of having succeeded gives a man a large freedom. It endows him with authority. The Bystander was interested in comparing him with the presidents of our California universities the other evening, and he towered above the whole company by his discriminating thought, which flashed with vision and was sobered by a true scholar's conservatism. His gospel is that men should be made effective; that they should be saved to themselves, here and now. With such a gospel and such an illustration of its power, young men will not make a mistake in matriculating at Dartmouth.

Small Colleges,

The Bystander was somewhat surprised to hear representatives of our two great universities deprecating the dangers of a large college or university and saying that their boys would go to a small college, like Williams, Amherst or Dartmouth. It did not sound well, coming from men at the head of institutions the size of which appears to be, on other occasions, a cause for gratulation. The Bystander believes that it is too late to cry out against the universities, on the ground that students do not come in close touch with the teachers. The exigency must be met by extending and emphasizing personality. Corresponding with the increased number of students must there be an increased number of strong professors and presidents. The responsibility rests upon the faculties of these institutions. The imperative need is personality in educational institutions, from the public schools up to the universities.

The most important requisites in education are the student and the student's teacher. It matters little if one sits on one end of a log and the other on the other end. Daniel Webster would have been a great orator if Dartmouth had been the largest university on earth. Let the demands of the large university be met by closer touch of an enlarged and consecrated personal element in the faculty, or frankly limit the size of our universities. President Wheeler hinted at this in the remark that "he believed in the small college, no matter how large it was."

Whitelaw Reid and Education.

In his notable address at Stanford the other day the editor of the New York Tribune touched upon the necessity of individual training, in which the small college has a distinct advantage. He also showed how a large university may touch the individual with the personal force of the instructor. Oxford and Cambridge were cited as examples. "Suppose some one had the power to plant Williams and Amherst and Tufts and Boston on the Charles beside Harvard, retaining for each its separate organization, its individual merits and inspiring history, and build on them the University of Massachusetts, or of Harvard, if you prefer. Who does not perceive that there would be an atmosphere of learning, an emulation and inspiration for the best work, an authority, a dignity, a promise and potency such as the new world has never yet seen in the educational field? In such a group of colleges none need be so overgrown as to make individual contact between the pupil and the professor impossible." The editor of the New York Tribune would make a wise college president.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

Easter Gleanings.

In the resurrection which spring brings us on our sunny foot-hills as surely as from Minnesota's icy grip and Illinois' snow-blankets, I am thinking how we ought to keep ourselves in Eastern gladness as surely as we hold our souls in the love of God. Mr. Pentecost's pastoral story comes again to mind; I write it for those who never heard it. A dear parishioner kept leaning on him for comfort when God was so much nearer, stronger, tenderer. But folks will want soul-doctors, hence heaven ordained pastors. This sickly sheep leaned hard on the under-shepherd. One day he had to wait a moment before admission to the invalid's presence. Then he found her in a sunny window with a bared shoulder lightly covered with a zephyr scarf. "The doctor told me drugs could do me little good; that I had better just sit in the window and let the sun shine on the sore shoulder and arm. It does do me good." "Yes, sister, it does; and you will be wise to treat your aching heart as you do your lame arm. Quietly and steadily keep yourself in the love of God." How good the sunshine is in this car window! There's a stove in yonder corner, but it is the shady side. Acorns just won't drop in the cold or by the furnace. Sunshine brings them, such as they are—not much, just acorns, but, dear children of God, my coming mates in the play-grounds of Canaan tell me they pick them up and so the little love-letters spell on with word messages. And this morning's message is that wondrous music, banks of flowers, gushes of song, and a thrilling sermon ought not be all of Easter. Since

Easter that little darling finger has ached. She crushed it in the Pullman car. It may be a blemish in a body which will all die some day. But when the Easter body comes there will be no pain and no blemish forever. In the resurrection morning there will be no painful ear-trumpets, "I hear, darling, I can hear you." Easter! Eternity! Glory! Gratitude! Gladness! "Ah, that will be heaven for me"! The sweet tears of that tune will wash away the exudations which the oculist cannot reach here, and when we see the King in his beauty, there will be no more night. If Easter means anything it means all this, and every day ought to be Easter for God's saints until the eternal day dawns. Brave sister, saint, broken in that crushing accident, but not broken in spirit, your new body will have no scars. I think of it when you come smiling to church. You ought to think it with every morning light, and every Sabbath may justly ring with Easter cheer. While Pastor Baldwin proclaimed the Easter gospel, his cousin, my classmate, Geo. T. Fairchild, lay in his new-made grave among sorrowing saints at Berea. The surgeons tried to save him, but it was too late. Dying suddenly, he had no need of long messages to wife and children. "I have lived my love and they know what I want them to do." His dust is in the grave. His spirit is with Jesus, with the angels, with his sainted parents.

Easter means that he shall join the Fairchild circle, which shall never break in the land that is fairer than day. The Oberlin jubilee tent is down, so this noble son of Oberlin, who added luster to its late commencement, has struck his tent. His aged brother, Oberlin's honored Fairchild, for the sixty years of an inspired history, will soon strike his. That jubilee is a vanished dream. Those greetings and partings are passed. But the reunion Easter promises is to be forever. If this Oberlin chore-boy, who learned to serve the King at the Fairchild altars, can run the heavenly errands with the fair children of the King, "that will be heaven" for him. Don't daub your pictures of heaven beloved with the mud of earth. You will be at your best forever after Easter. Let every day be Easter in eternal hope and joy. "The morning cometh." What morning?—Eastern morning. "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose from the dead (and we do) even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

Quiet Corner Notes.

By W. N. Burr.

One of my pastors came back to the old church for a second term—and, by the way, that second pastorate has not yet ended, and it was almost twenty years ago that the good man returned to us. I remember one sentence from his first sermon: "What a pastor wants from his people is not their compliments, but their co-operation."

In one of his books Rev. F. B. Meyer touches, in the following words, this matter of complimenting the minister: "Coming out of a meeting recently a brother minister came up to me, took me by the hand, shook it warmly, and said: "'I have enjoyed your meeting so much.'

"Directly he said that I knew that I had failed. When a man says that he has enjoyed a meeting like this I know that I have not touched him.

"You remember when Jacob got down into the Jabbok ford, how beneath those Syrian stars he wrestled with the angel, and the angel with him. Presently the angel put forth his hand and touched the sinew of his strength, and he limped. Do you think it is possible that Jacob could have limped into the camp next morning, and going to his lovely Rachel have said to her:

"'Oh, Rachel, we have had a lovely time all night. I have enjoyed it.'

"Rather, he must have said to her: 'I have had a night which has blasted my strength, which has left a scar upon me that I shall carry till I die. O woman, I have struggled with the angel of God's love!'"

We are told that Phillips Brooks once spoke sharply to a young man who came regularly to tell him "what a fine sermon that was"; and, referring to this, a recent writer says: "That Sunday after Sunday the young man should be struck by nothing more than Brooks' ability and skill; that not once had he seemed to see through it all into the wonderful background which, placed behind any life, would make it do wonders; that not once had he been awed enough to forget Brooks altogether, and be still—this was what troubled him and stirred his wrath. So far as this hearer was concerned, his work seemed wasted and futile, and its point lost."

When one has gone down into the deeper experiences of life, and then has tried to lead others where he has been, there is great comfort in knowing it if some have been drawn into fellowship with him; but what he wants at such a time is appreciation of the message rather than of the man. "I enjoyed your sermon very much," sometimes means a great deal, and sometimes it means very little. And the pastor just from the pulpit, quivering with his message, is very sensitive to heart-responses and to mere conventionalities. If he has only entertained you for the time, or if what he has said has appealed only to your head—if it was intended for your heart—say nothing about it; but if he has touched your heart, let him know it in some way: by the pressure of the hand at the close of the service, or by a word that cannot be mistaken as a word from the depths; or by faithful co-operation. Your pastor is feeling after signs of a forward movement in your spiritual life, and nothing short of that will mean much to him.

From the Book of Experience.

By a Missionary.

It has been my lot to assist very largely in settling a case between two persons of more than fifteen years' standing. In doing this I promised at first to loan one of the parties twenty dollars—parties whom many persons have considered rather poor pay. Had it not been for settling it in the way it was done, it seemed probable that it would have gone into the courts, with an expense to each party of one or two hundred dollars, and perhaps more, with no telling when it would end. Will you ever get your money back?" was what one member of my family said to me when I told him what I had promised to do. "I think not," said another. To me it seemed a very clear case of duty, and that if I should lose it, it would be just as acceptable a gift to God as any gift to foreign missions.

About the first of January a man who had died was brought a hundred and fifty miles to within four miles of me to be buried by the side of two of his sons. I was requested to attend his funeral. When through with it, his only son still living handed me a five-dollar bill. About two days later a man died some distance away, and again I was called to the funeral, which proved to be a trip of about eighteen miles in a heavy snowstorm, a part of the way in snow two feet deep. When through, his son-in-law handed me two five-dollar pieces as a present. Three days later a wedding came to my house with five dollars

more. Then I said, "You may say what you please, but I have my twenty dollars given to me already, even before the money has been loaned," for it had only then been promised. Before the affair was, however, settled I loaned five dollars more, and gave the ten dollars and a half.

Another week passed, and I was called to travel thirty-five miles to another funeral. It took two days. When an uncle of the child buried said good-bye to me, as we shook hands he slipped a ten-dollar gold-piece into my hand. Before another week passed a young man who had died a hundred miles away was brought to be buried by the side of his sisters, four miles from my home, and again I was requested to attend the funeral. Here came another five dollars, which the parties thought very small. Then I said: "I am out two dollars and a half as a gift, and twenty-five dollars as a loan, which I think I will get back. But if I do not I have it all, and more than all now, given to me without asking for a cent, and unexpectedly, inside of a month. And I quoted Christ's promise, "pressed down and running over shall men give into your bosom."

I was also reminded of two other times in my life. Ten years ago I built a small church. I gave fifty dollars for this object. Another summer, in finishing it, I put in about as much more. But during that first year I received for baptisms, weddings and in various unexpected ways, over a hundred dollars.

Again, I promised one college, which was in a close place, fifty dollars, and my wife promised another twenty-five dollars. I was to have five years in which to pay mine and she was to pay hers when she could. She had sent two wedding fees of five dollars each as payments on hers, and I had paid as much on mine, when I received a letter from a friend which stated that I had nearly a hundred and twenty dollars lying in a bank for me. He and I had been administrators to settle up an estate; he had done nearly all the work; I do not think I had earned five dollars of it. I wrote my friend so, and told him I thought it belonged to him. He said that he had obtained his share; that the court had given this to me, and that the heirs were perfectly satisfied to have it so, and even wished it so. It did not take me five years or one to pay my subscription, and my wife's was paid also immediately.

I have not noticed as marked providences as these every time I have given to good causes; nor would I have it so. If it were I should think about it at last as an investment to make money off of God. God does not wish us to think thus for he says, "Not loan me or invest, but give," and he wishes us to do it wholly from the heart; but in his own way he will fulfill every promise, in so plain a way that we will know that if we give to the poor, we will lend to the Lord, and that what we have given he will repay us; and we will learn that the king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, and all other hearts, to be turned withersoever he will.

Still, if nothing should ever return to me when I give, I should still think I ought to follow the practice of an aged man in Connecticut, who said he had given and had not received money in return from God, but still he intended to give, because it is right.

Each girl should have some particular thing that she knows how to do, and by doing which she can earn her bread. It may be work for her hand or work for her head, but which ever it is, what she does must always be pure and good,and helpful to others as well as to herself. She must study what she can best do, not what she most likes to do, and then go ahead and do it.—Francis E. Willard.

The Purpose of the Sunday-school and Symbolic Teaching.

Jhon M. Lewis.

The Sunday-school, or as I prefer to call it, the Bible school, is an institution which, in a large measure, is concerned with the religious training of the child. Here the child is supposed to be taught in those things that pertain to the moral and spiritual life. The Bible is the text book, and the only book used; at least, its principles form the sole basis of all the instruction. It contains those truths which speak of God, of man, of Christ, of sin, of salvation, of righteousness and of eternal life. These are the greatest truths that can be taught a human being. A man who has grown up outside of these truths does not know the real meaning of life or the purpose of his existence. If he neglects to cultivate these great truths and fails to make them the foundation of his life and character, he becomes simply an animal, controlled by his animal passions and led by his animal instincts. He is lost to goodness, and to God and to manhood. And like the prodigal of old, he wanders away from his Father's house and feeds himself with the same food he feeds his swine. If a man is to realize himself in his moral and spiritual possibilities; if he is to be a man and not an animal, he must be trained in those truths which will help him to grow in goodness and in the knowledge of himself and of God.

The man who has been taught these truths from his very infancy has the best advantage in realizing his personality. The "child is father of the man." At this time in life tendencies are set in motion which will bear fruit either for righteousness or unrighteousness. Paths are cut which will lead either to heavenliness or hellishness. The mind receives certain ideas of right and wrong which give color to the whole after life. Influences become embedded in the plastic, imitative and imaginative mind, which can never be totally eradicated. Notwithstanding the deepest wish or the will power, or the accretion of knowledge which comes to man through experience, images implanted in the mind in the early days arise suddenly and unbidden before the mental vision, and which sadden or give joy to the true man. The drift of moral ideas in which a child was placed, the principles and ideals taught to him, will often unconsciously manifest themselves in his after life. The ideas and impressions which have fallen into subconsciousness give a tone to our actions, color our principles and narrow or expand our ideals more than we sometimes are aware of. This law forms at the same time a hopeful and discouraging feature in human nature. Hopeful, if the drift of ideas and impressions have been upward; discouraging, if the drift has been downward.

The object of education is to give the upward drift. The child is to receive an impulse for the truth. The desire to practice the truth is to be aroused. Truthfulness is to be his very make-up. The true idea of education is not only to teach facts as bare facts, but to create a spiritual hunger and to clarify a man's spiritual vision. It is to make the conscience alert and set it as a sentinel over our daily actions. It is to increase and deepen the sense of obligation to God's moral law. It is to make the heart sensitive to the instincts of nobleness in thought and action. Such an education will give a man self-control. It will enable him to subdue his passions; and give him power to courageously meet the world with all its subtleties. Such an education will enable him to fight the good fight of faith, because he sees the eternal reality of things and the divine in human life.

Such an education is not received in the common day schools. That is dominated too much by a mechan-

ical system to leave room for the play of the spiritual element, which is at once creative of a personality and of deeper and more vital relationship of the human and the divine. It is left for the Bible School to teach this element. Its object is to awaken the mind to the reality of the spiritual world and put the heart in touch with the spiritual forces of the universe. Its teachings should result in the making—

"Of one in whom persuasion and belief
Had ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition, whence the soul
Though bound to earth by ties of pity and of love,
From all injurious servitude was free."

It was such teaching that the disciples received from Christ. And we know to what heights of character and spiritual power they reached, and how clear was their spiritual apprehension. They were simple fishermen, and unlettered in the schools of the rabbis. But Christ became their teacher and under the power of the teaching they learned that wisdom which gives greatness to human nature. They were not wiser, probably, in the science, the philosophy and scholasticism of their age. But they had learned of "the Way, the Truth and the Life." The instruction they received brought God closer to their thoughts, giving them a vivid sense of the divine life. It deepened their sense of the wickedness of sin. It gave positiveness to their moral life, which enabled them to meet temptation with a sublime courage. It inspired them to practice a life of righteousness, and it impelled them to work and live for a spiritual kingdom on earth. They became acquainted with the spiritual side of facts and of the universe. They became possessed with the spirituale of the moral law. In consequence, they became profound interpreters of the Scriptures and of those things that touch most closely the human heart.

How and what did Christ teach, to bring forth such splendid results from these unschooled fishermen? These questions are pertinent to every teacher of a Bible class. The more closely we follow Him in our teaching, the larger and more permanent will be our success in impressing the image of God on the characters and lives of those whom we instruct. Jesus did not roam the universe in search of principles, nor did he teach very many different truths. But he emphasized and re-emphasized a few fundamental principles which are necessary to the religious life, to spiritual apprehension and to the development of character. His teaching was symbolic in method. He used illustration after illustration to explain the principles of a spiritual life. He painted word pictures to impress his truth on the minds of his hearers. He made use of common objects about him, of common events of life, to point people to God and to show them the beauty and power of a spiritual life. He connected his instruction with some outward circumstances of the moment. When he stood on the temple porch, he pointed to the golden candles, which were ever kept burning upon the altar, and talked of spiritual light. Sitting on the stone seat beside Jacob's well, he talked to the Samaritan woman who came hither for water, about the "living water," of which, if one partakes, it shall satisfy the better instincts and became a spontaneous and a perennial source of eternal life. This woman's finer, better instincts had been sadly neglected. They were as barren and unfruitful as a parched desert. She needed a new character. She was living, apparently, an immoral life. She had torn into shreds the law which God had ordained to protect the purity of the home. Jesus knew her life. He could trace her conduct in her features. And yet, he did not begin by condemning or scolding her and thus centering her mind on her self and causing her to apologize or defend her course of life. But he turned her mind to think of this "Living Water" of which he spake. He used this well as a symbol to create in her a desire for a better and a higher life. When the truth dawned upon her she recognized in the Jewish teacher the Christ. In his talk with Nicodemus Jesus used the blowing, free, the universal and the invisible air as a symbol to make it as clear as the human mind can comprehend the coming of the divine power in human life in order that man might lead a more spiritual life. By symbols Jesus explained the nature and purpose of the kingdom of God. The symbols used were of things in which his hearers were experienced and interested. To a farmer the kingdom was like a seed planted in his field. To a business man it was like a piece of land worth buying; or a precious pearl, valuable enough to invest every cent of his capital to purchase. To a fisherman it was like a large net which, when cast into the sea, gathered of every kind. To the housekeeper it was like leaven put into the meal till the whole was leavened. The symbolic use of these things invited attention and brought to the people's mind new thoughts concerning the nature, value and reality of the spiritual force in the individual and social life. Jesus did not state his principles abstractedly, nor knit his truths together by a long train of reasonings. But concretely he placed them before the minds of his hearers. This may have been why the multitude continually sought him out—to listen to the gracious words of this new rabbi. In like manner, if we wish to teach and explain the principles of the gospel to the child and thus obtain the best results, we must use the same simple method that Jesus used; in fact, that the whole Bible uses. Symbolic teaching is the characteristic method throughout the whole Scriptures. This is the method by which the prophets and teachers of old impressed the moral law and explained a spiritual fact.

How beautifully simple and picturesque is the language of the Bible. From the poetic story of the Garden of Eden to the sublime visions of the aged disciples on Mount Patmos is one flow of symbolic language teaching eternal truths. In theology God is designated as the Omnipotent, the Omniscient, the Omnipresent God. In philosophy he is designated as the Inscrutable, as a metaphysical energy pervading the universe; as, sometimes, the Great Unknown. These designations are words which have no meaning to the average mind. But in the Bible God is light. We know what light is and does. The sun, moon and stars give light; and these are things we see. God is love; we know what love is. God is a Father; we know what fatherhood means. Christ is the Bread of Life; he is a Friend; he is a Brother. These images are familiar to us. They are a part of our experience. It is this fact of familiarity we must take into account if we wish to interest the mind, and especially the young mind, and teach most successfully those great fundamental truths which form the basis of right action.

There are materials all about us from which we can draw or illustrate spiritual lessons. The very world in which we live is a symbol of gospel truths. The flowers, the fields, the hills, the valleys, the sun, moon and stars are visible expressions of God's thought. The Divine Spirit which makes these things possible is the same Spirit which works and lives in us. A simple houseplant will furnish a text for a noble sermon. There are in it lessons of trust, of growth and of beauty. This plant is a symbol of character growth. It is God that gives greenness to the leaves and beauty and fragrance to the flower. Teach the young mind that it is the same

God who gives life to us that our life might be beautiful, good and noble. But the soul, like the plant, must be nurtured by a higher power than itself. The soul must ever be as eager to reach out after the light of the divine truth as the plant is to reach out for the light of the sun. Darkness for the plant means undevelopment and death. Darkness for the soul has the effect.

And so, from many other common objects and facts of life, moral lessons might be taught and conscience educated. Take a watch, for instance, and from it you can derive the lessons of the necessity of inward purity, of faithfulness and a ready conscience. Entrance into a higher life can be illustrated with a bunch of keys. Prayer is the key which opens the way to a communion with God; knowledge is the key to the understanding of his truth; service is a key to the growth in his kingdom. These keys not only unlock, but they lock the door against temptation, and keep the soul safe from evil. A ship starting from port is a symbol of a man's journey across time to eternity. In the same way legends and stories both of history and fiction can be utilized to explain and emphasize some points of divine truth; but care must be taken that the legends and stories be not too long, nor too indefinite, nor too complicated to hide the main object in view.

But, after all, the best symbol of truth is personal life. Christianity is of such a nature that it takes a personality to give the clearest expression of its principles. Our character is the best interpreter; it explains our words and makes clear the meaning of truth. A living example is proof of the practicability of the gospel principles.

Teaching the young mind in some of the ways that I have indicated will, I believe, overcome much of the pedantic, stilted style of teaching, which too often characterizes Sunday-school instruction. The use of symbols will avoid the continual repetition of worn-out theological phrases to describe Christian thought. Jesus made use of parables and symbols to avoid the theological terminology of his day. Thus it was that the presentation of truth and spiritual principles engaged the thought of the common people. The presentation was so fresh and vivid that it involuntarily raised the question, "Whence hath this man this wisdom?" for he did not teach as the Scribes. Jesus avoided the technical language and the over-attention to details common to the Scribe's method of religious instruction. He stated a truth or a principle in its largeness and taught it in a symbolic way.

This should be our method. Teach only what is essential to the understanding of the lesson. Do not waste time on details. I have witnessed Bible classes waste a whole half-hour on questions that had no connection whatever with the principles involved. They were mere accidents to the great theme of the narrative. It is important only to dwell on a few main points; even one central thought is sufficient. But the thought should be illustrated in different ways until the image of the truth is so clear that the mind readily grasps it, at least till it sets the mind thinking in the right channel. What the growing mind really needs is to grasp a few fundamental principles of the gospel. When this is done the child is a good way on the road to the attainment of righteous character.

In all our teaching we must ever keep in mind that the child is a living creature to be carefully nurtured and developed along the lines of those spiritual principles laid down by Christ. The thought that he is a child of God, to be led into ways that are pure, should inspire every teacher, and at the same time make him feel the tremendous weight of responsibility which God has placed in his hands. This is work for no complacent, irresponsible person. The question which every teacher should ask is, What is my purpose? What is my spirit? And how can I best lead the young mind away from sin, up to truth and back to God? How can I set in motion those impulses of the heart which will give completeness to life and beauty to character?

Palo Alto.

Concerning Dr. Whittlesey.

Rev. J. H. Strong.

News of the death of Rev. Dr. N. H. Whittlesey comes to me with surprise and tenderness of association, having known him not only in the immediate work in which he was engaged and loved him for his personality and for his work's sake, but having known him also in the parental home of his childhood.

The parish in which he was born and reared was the field of my first love as pastor. I cherish in memory the visits which I enjoyed at this family home, the welcome at table and fireside and at the family altar. His father was a comfortably well-to-do farmer of New Preston, Conn., in which parish was also the boyhood home of Dr. Bushnell and President Day of Yale College.

When I met Dr. Whittlesey on the occasion of his visit here in the interests of the great object of his labors, I had not seen him for forty years or more, and when we met I saw not so much the child as I first knew him, then a boy of ten years only, but now what seemed to me the very image of his father, in age, feature and form; his vocation different, but like his father also in the supreme choice of a consecrated Christian life. The father seemed repeated in the son. The impress of a Christian home, together with the church life with which that home was connected, molded the years of his childhood unto that maturity of life in which he was present to my eyes in his father's best image. I speak of the church life because of an incident of our mutual experience to which he alluded as we communed of those years long in the past. It was an occasion of reception into the church of about twenty on a Sabbath on confession of faith, the fruits of a revival with which God blessed us in our ordinary ministrations. Among those who came into the new life and united with the church at this time were several heads of families, prominent citizens in the community. Mr. Whittlesey spoke of the interest and solemnity of that scene, which impressed him deeply, then a child of about ten years.

So it is that we do not know of the silent working of the Spirit and the molding influences which even in early childhood sculpture the lines which shape the after-image of the mature life.

So this son honored father and mother, not only in the characteristic life work in which he was consecrated, but by word of mouth, with which he blessed their memory. "If I could," he said, "but be as good a man as was my father!"

Berkeley, April 9, 1901.

"The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells—
The Book of Life the shining record tells."

"How many zones have we, Willie?" asked the teacher of a pupil in the junior class. "Four," was the reply. "Well, then, name the four," said the teacher. "The frigerated, the horrid, the temperance, and the intemperance," answered the little fellow.—Selected.

Folks that Ride Free!

By Mary E. Bamford.

There are deadheads in the insect world as well as in the human. Man is not the only creature that sometimes rides and yet evades paying fare. One April day I noticed a house-fly in one of our rooms. The fly kept my attention because he was evidently carrying something around on one of his legs. Wishing to know what it was, I followed that fly. I got him under a tumbler and looked at him, but still I could not discover what his burden was. I took some straws and tried to separate the small mystery from the fly's leg, but I did not succeed. I discovered, however, that the attached thing was alive, for I saw it move. The fly escaped from me twice, but I captured him again. Finally, as I could not dislodge the creature from the fly's leg while the fly's feeling had to be considered, I killed the fly. Then I compelled the little rider to come off the leg. Lo! as he did so, I was delighted to discover that he was one of some old friends of mine, a brown "false-scorpion," of the Cheliferidae, with his two claw-like pincers in front, the sign by which these chelifers may be known at a glance.

No doubt he had held to the fly's leg by those pincers, and that was the reason why, with all my poking with straws and the fly's movements, the little false-scorpion had not been cheated out of his stolen free ride. I had read before that false-scorpions are often found attached to the leg of a fly or other insect, by which the false-scorpion is carried around, but this was the first time the act had come under my observation. I had found a number of these small false-scorpions on the two old apple-trees that were in our back yard. The little creatures are interesting to keep and study, although feeding them necessitates the keeper's going back to the apple-trees with a small tin, into which, by diligent picking of bark and prompt movements, one may guide the wingless little psocidae—allied to book-lice, but about twice their size. These psocidae are the food of the false-scorpions, and it is a rather tedious job to be caterer, for the nimble, yellow, little psocidae can run and skip, and the gatherer must be diligent or she will not keep the imprisoned false-scorpions supplied with food enough. Her conscience would accuse her in that case.

The false-scorpions that I have found on apple-trees have had bodies somewhere about a pin-head size or possibly larger, dark brown in color, lacking the tail of the real scorpion, but greatly resembling that creature in the very noticeable "claws" standing out in front. These two large maxillary palpi are movable by the little brown creature and do very nicely for "hands" or for ready weapons. When one false-scorpion meets another, one grabs the other's claw, not in a kindly, how-do-you-do spirit, I think, though it looks for all the world a good deal like a handshake. But I think false-scorpions have bad tempers, and the nip of claws may be one exhibition of inimical feeling.

I have seen one false-scorpion grasp another by both claws, and one push the other backward as two boys might strike hands and push each other. This was when I had several false-scorpions under a little hand microscope, in the top of which three of my prisoners wished to abide at the same time. There was room enough, if they had not wished to quarrel, but the gripping of claws and the pushing backward seemed to me to savor of an unfriendly spirit. In fact, according to my observations, false-scorpions do not share their food with one another, and those long "claws" seem nearly always ready for any enemy. A false-scorpion does not conceal his weapons. His claws are, moreover, useful to him in catching and holding his dinner, the psocidae.

As he can turn his claws, the false-scorpion can hold one of the little yellow mites, and hunch his claws back till the victim reaches the false-scorpion's beak, which is then plunged into his prey. I have seen through my little hand-microscope a false-scorpion holding a victim in one "claw," and carrying another victim on his beak, while he waved his empty other "claw," perhaps with the idea of warning off any other hungry false-scorpion or other enemy that might be met during the ascent of the microscope's interior.

It may be a pleasant thing for a false scorpion, when a fly lights on the apple-tree, to open those "claws" and grab that astonished fly's leg, and go sailing off into the air. It is of course a false-scorpion's best chance to take a free ride, and he may catch on like a mischievous boy on a wagon. But I have queried whether the false-scorpion really wants that free ride, or whether he has become so accustomed from his childhood ill-naturedly to snap hold of anything alive with his claws that he grabs a fly's leg without understanding the perilous consequences, and his naughtiness is punished by his being whisked away from Apple-Tree Land and all his relatives and neighbors there, and being carried by the fly to a strange country, with the possibility of never a return to Apple-Tree Land. Whether the ride be by choice or from temper, the false-scorpion holds on tightly enough to the fly's leg, if the one I found riding was any specimen.

False-scorpions are said to cast their skins in a little web the false-scorpion spins for the purpose. Menge saw a false-scorpion that stayed five days in its web after casting its skin, and did not have a dark color again for four weeks. But none of the false-scorpions that I ever kept changed his skin to my knowledge during the time I had them prisoners. False-scorpions are also said to be found in dusty books, where I suppose they must feed on the little book-lice, but I have never discovered any false-scorpions in such places. The chances of getting a ride from Book Land might be less, perhaps, for a false-scorpion than from Apple-Tree Land.

Eight species of false-scorpions have been found in the Prussian amber, and in the coal formation of Bohemia a false-scorpion was found that was one inch long; truly a giant, for most of the false-scorpions living nowadays are not more than one-sixth of an inch long. I hope that something bigger than a fly had to carry that giant, inch-long false-scorpion when he stole rides, if he ever did such a thing. A queer blind kind of false-scorpion has been found in the caves of Adelsburg, and there is a kind without eyes found in Massachusetts.

Some other creatures besides false-scorpions take free rides, to the great discomfiture of those that have to carry them. These riders are not content with any such outside ride as the false-scorpion compels the fly to give him. If a person will take the pains some October day to go by an old fence and examine the caterpillar cocoons in the cracks, one may discover some of these riders that have pursued their journey on the inside of the coach. For one will find, inside some cocoon, not the pupa of the future moth that the caterpillar intended to turn into, but a number of little brown pupae-cases, much smaller than the caterpillar that crawled up these boards and spun his cocoon. Alas! these were the riders on the inside of the coach. The caterpillar was carrying them in larval form up within himself when he climber those boards. Take those little brown pupae-cases and put them away in a bottle, covered with mosquito-bar. Look at the bottle next March, and you may see inside some live flies that

hope you will let them out so that they may go to torment other caterpillars. These parasitic flies are about as large as common house-flies. To the victim, the folk that steal a ride outside, like the false-scorpions, must be far preferable to those that steal a ride inside, making the victim's life uncomfortable.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

Jesus and Peter—The Penitent Restored. (John xxi 15-22.)

Lesson V. May 5, 1901.

Early the morning was breaking over the Lake of Galilee; gray dawn lighting up the sky, and dispelling the mist of night. Off the shore, some three hundred feet, lay a small fishing smack, with its crew of weary, hungry and dispirited men. They were Peter and six companions, who, having come to Galilee by appointment, to meet Jesus (Mark xvi: 7), had grown weary of waiting, and in a fit of impatience proposed to return to their old craft as fishermen. So I interpret Peter's exclamation (v. 3), not as indicating any settled purpose, but as akin to Thomas' rash demand for sensible proof of his Lord's resurrection (xx: 25). Whatever their hopes, they were disappointed. "That night they took nothing," and they were, apparently, about to abandon their undertaking.

But now a voice from the shore, unrecognized, though familiar, calls to them, and through the mist they descry a man, too imperfectly, however, for more distinct recognition. "They knew not that it was Jesus." By his direction, the net is again cast out, and a wonderful catch of fish rewards their action. "They were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes." That revealed His personality, and soon the little group, awe-struck but glad, are gathered on the beach about their Lord.

Now follows an exquisite touch of thoughtful kindness and one thoroughly characteristic of Jesus. He has something vastly important to say to that company—to Peter especially. But they are at present in no condition to receive it. Their first need is food and rest, and mental quiet. With a tact which was itself the highest virtue—genuine tact has always this basis—he bids them share his meal, for which he had already begun (v.9) preparation. With gentle courtesy he invites their contribution to the provision (v. 10). Then, sitting down with them, they partake of it together (vs. 12, 13). The strangeness of their surroundings melts away in this familiar intercourse, their minds are calmed, their bodies rested and refreshed. Now they are prepared for what is to follow.

* * *

It is an object lesson in rescue work. More than this, it is a revelation of character. One's way of going about acts kindly intentioned, indeed, is always such a test. There is, therefore, a peculiar interest attaching to the action of our Lord in effecting the rehabilitation of Peter—his recovery to full apostolic influence.

1. First, he probes the erring disciple's sore heart. And he does this thoroughly, with a wise surgeon's comprehension of the case. The very beginning of his address has startling significance: "Simon, son of John"—not now Peter, the rock-like confessor (Matt. xvi: 18), but Simon, the rough Galilean fisherman; Simon, for whom Satan had asked that he might sift him as wheat, but for whom Jesus himself had made supplication (Luke xxii: 31, 32).

Then, deepening this impression, come the words—accentuated, perhaps, by look or gesture—"Lovest thou me more than these?" (Matt. xxvi: 33.) Ah, the smart of those words! Had it come to this, that not merely the heroism, but even the genuineness, of his love, could fairly be questioned? It hurt terribly; but there is no faltering in the hand which holds the probe. Three times that searching question is pressed into the bleeding heart—just as we ourselves, at times, have been made to writhe under the same merciful severity.

There was more to the probing of Peter's heart even than this. Not merely the thrice repeated question, but, even more, the form of it, the terms in which it was couched, was agonizing. The word "love," as used in this connection, represents not one but two Greek terms; synonyms, so used as to bring out their contrasts as well as their resemblances. One of these (*agapao*) denotes love in its most exalted form—the response of a pure heart to an object morally amiable (Matt. xxii: 37-39). The other (*phileo*) is not so distinctively moral in its quality, but puts emphasis upon the personal, the friendly, the emotional element. Now, Jesus in his questioning begins (1) by using the former term, and (2) pointedly recalls Peter's boastful comparison of himself with the other disciples. But Peter in his reply (1) ignores the comparison, and (2) also substitutes the other term (*phileo*) to designate his love. Again Jesus presses the one (*agapao*) and Peter responds with the other (*phileo*) term. He does it intentionally. He means to imply, that it is this personal affection which alone he claims. More than this, after all that has passed, he dares not assert. This he is sure of; and he knows that the Master knows it.

In its third form Jesus takes Peter on his own ground. His question is no longer "*agapas* me?" but *phileis* me?" That was the intolerable blow. Even this, however, did not anger him. Once it might have done so, but now he was too genuinely penitent, too truly humble, for anger. It did hurt him sorely, however, to have his passionate loyalty thus treated as questionable, the while he felt the hot streams of devotion surging through his heart and thrilling every nerve. His pathetic protest (v. 17), moreover, I am sure, strikes a responsive chord in many another penitent, fearful of claiming too much, yet conscious of a love which, if not the worthiest, is yet true and passionate.

2. But Jesus' words on this occasion did more than probe the sore heart of his disciple: they went further and disclosed his own heart of love. It is the voice of the "Good Shepherd" which we hear in them; of him who "giveth his life for the sheep." Note this in the manner of his reference to those who should believe on him through the word of the disciples (ch. xvii: 20), and whose welfare is the object of his ceaseless care. Two words are here used to designate these (*arnia* and *probatia*), but both of them might be included under the one term, "lamb." For the distinction lies, not between lamb and full-grown sheep, but between the "little lambs," and those older, but still immature, and quite as dependent as others upon faithful shepherding. His very designation thus involves an expression of his own tender, compassionate love, as well as an appeal to the chivalrous heart of Peter. It is not as one of our ranchmen might refer to his uncounted flocks, that Jesus gives over his "lambs." It is rather as a flock "purchased with his own blood," every one dear as a child and called by his own name; in whose upturned faces and ready obedience he reads a love answering to his own. It is as one might take from the folds of his loose robe the cosset lamb, which had nestled there, that the risen Lord now presents them to Peter. Or, more like it is to the father who, dying, or on the eve of a long separation, commends his household to the friend he loves best. So,

in these words we hear Jesus saying, "Simon, feed my little lambs"; "shepherd all my flock." "Tend them." "Feed them."

* * *

3. In such words, with such implications, the recreant disciple again receives commission from the "Shepherd of the sheep." The "rod and the staff" are again placed in his hands; and he is clothed with all the responsibilities of his office. How Peter's heart must have bounded at this expression of his Lord's continued love and trust! How accurately, too, did Jesus interpret and provide for the needs of a grateful soul!

In the spring of 1864 an officer in the regiment I was serving was deprived of his command, confined to his quarters, forbidden to wear his sword, or to take any part in the affairs of the regiment. But when the campaign opened, and the march into the wilderness had begun, an order from headquarters vacated the arrest and placed him again at the head of his company. It was worth much to see the lighting up of that sad face, the joyous alacrity with which he resumed his sword and again took command. One day later, he had fallen, face to the foe; and I took his sword, girding it upon my own thigh, that I might send it to the beloved friends who should know, only, that their brother had died a hero's death.

I think of this in connection with our Lord's commission to Peter. It was not, in his case, a "release from arrest," for there had been no real degradation. In his own remorseful thoughts, however, and perhaps in the esteem of others, he had been discredited, and it was to this feeling that the gracious Master directed his remedial words.

How effective these were, may be judged by his subsequent life and writings. They were just such as a warm-hearted, impulsive disciple, caught in a fault, and restored so graciously, might be expected to show. There is no other writer who makes such exclusive reference to the blood of Christ; none who seems to bring you more close to the living, loving, human Friend. To Paul, Christ and his salvation are glorious; but Peter's characteristic phrase is, "precious." The difference is significant. His allusions also are frequent reminders of this very scene, as where he bids pastors "tend the flock of God," or justifies his own tireless zeal, as "knowing that the putting off my tabernacle cometh swiftly, even as our Lord Jesus Christ signified to me." That fall and rising again made of Peter what it ought to make of every sinner graciously restored.

4. This restoration service closes with a warning. (1) The service assigned was an honor of war, and looked forward to a soldier's death. At the end, in no doubtful guise, rose the cross (vs. 18, 19). Upon that symbol of disgrace the disciple, like his Lord, should hang, completing thus its transformation into a glorious symbol of the love that saves. Only so should the disciple's ambition be realized, and he be permitted to drink of the Master's cup and share in his baptism. "When he had said this, horeover, he said unto him, Follow me." That was the crowning test of loyalty, the supreme honor of discipleship—"the fellowship of suffering." And so it is ever and to "all who profess and call themselves Christians."

(2) After this, it would seem that Jesus made some motion to withdraw, and Peter, his whole frame thrilling with excitement, sprang to his feet to begin, if he might, then and there, this blessed companionship. But just then his eye falls upon his beloved John; his curiosity is aroused, and with a quick motion of his hand he asks, "And this man, what?" That was none of Peter's business, and with keen but kindly rebuke Jesus replies, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." There was enough in Peter's office to absorb all his energies, without peering into matters with which he had no concern. And so will every disciple find it.

* * *

Once again we seem to hear that kingly voice, this time addressing ourselves, "Lovest thou me?" That is the testing question. Not so much as to the grade of love, whether higher or lower, but just this: "Lovest thou me?" O friend, it is worth all the world to be able to bare our hearts before the Omniscient One, knowing well that he shall find his own image stamped upon them. But what if, upon our future, too, there should be projected a vision of the sacrificial cross, mayhap in some such form as our martyred missionaries have seen it? And what if, while our eyes are fixed thereon, we, too, should hear the words of Jesus, "Follow me"? Would our love stand that test?

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Decision of Character. (Rev iii: 14-16; Prv. iv:o 23-27.)

Topic for May 5th.

A weak man is a burden to the world. There is a difference well-nigh beyond measurement between a person whom you have to pity every time you think of him, and worry over, and watch, and constantly plan for to keep him from falling, and the individual whose strength and fidelity and steadfastness give you a lift every time you meet him or think of him. There is more encouragement in seeing some men pass by on the street than there is in a week's visit with some others. Measured by time it is a long distance between Mt. Carmel and the Isle of Patmos, but the two appear to be closely connected in sentiment. Elijah has a ringing message to those who are halting "between two opinions"; and Jesus is no less stirring in his epistle to the Laodiceans who are "lukewarm." Not only the world but our Lord himself seems to be wearied by hesitancy in human character.

* * *

Decision of character, in a degree, may be a matter of heredity at first, but in the end it is much more a question of training. Parents are more responsible than they often think themselves to be for the presence or the lack of it in their sons and daughters. Fathers and mothers cannot fall back on that faulty maxim concerning the silk purse and auricular projection of the swine. A little old-fashioned, healthful attention to children who are inclined to be a little limp in their moral qualities would very materially change the later record of multitudes of people. That quality which is mainly obstinacy when it first comes into view can be modified and chastened into helpful decision of character, just as a voice which, at the beginning, is chiefly wail and scream, can be trained to cheer us by its sweet singing. So that where there is a marked absence of decision of character, in many cases there was some lack around the cradle. This remark is specially for Endeavorers who are on the retired list.

* * *

But the most of us require training in this regard all the way along. Parents cannot be responsible for the whole of it. For some reason this world seems to be in favor of clear-cut views and unflinching allegiance in all matters excepting the Christian religion. A "middle-of-the-road man" in politics is not very popular. He never will be. The "some-other-day" man in business does not

stand well at the bank. He will always have trouble with his credit. The dodger of the current questions on the street will always have a hard time of it. But, strangely enough, it appears to be quite the way to be otherwise on the Bible and teachings of Scripture, especially if the latter are put into any systematic form. Doubts and queries and demurrer and head-shakes are often taken for superior wisdom and genius. If a man is to have any decision of character, therefore, there must be some very careful training in that direction all the way along.

* * *

It is not infrequent in these days to hear protests publicly made against the presentation of doubts in the pulpit, such as was made recently by "a Denver lawyer" quoted in The Pacific, not long ago. How strange that is! Perhaps there is no book in all the world presenting its statements with so great certainty and so little indecision as the Bible. And yet the pulpit has so uttered its voice as to call out repeated cries of protest. It is very much as if the passengers on the train were compelled to protest to the engineers, whose specific business it is to keep his locomotive on the track and make suitable headway towards a certain destination, against side-tracking his coaches or wobbling about upon an uncertain road-bed. Such indecision of character in one of the employees of our modern corporations would soon bring its own correction. The pulpit ceases to be a pulpit and becomes the common and indiscriminate platform when it does not stand for certainty and unquestioned decision of character in all for which Jesus stood and all which he endorsed in his predecessors.

* * *

But how about a protest from the pulpit against indecision of character and doubts in the pew? It is not because they are there, but because they stay there too long. One may not be able always to prevent the hawk from swooping down upon our chickens, but we are responsible if we permit that bird of prey to perch there. Decision and firmness come from an intelligent knowledge of facts. There is no such thing as decision which rests upon hypothesis. Jesus is the unreplaceable fact in this world. No decision of character can be had in religious matters which do not have Jesus back of and responsible for them. It is all very well to have new light, but a new light which blows out the old luminaries without giving a brighter flame in their stead is not illuminating to the difficult path of life. Even a diamond with all its brilliancy would be a poor substitute for the sun in guiding a traveler over a road full of pitfalls. Make sure of your facts and know what you know of God's truth.

Factory Girl to Governor's Wife.

It is a pretty and inspiring story, that of General N. P. Banks and his wife. There is a lesson in it for the poor boys and girls in our great mills and factories. Nathaniel P. Banks was a bobbin-boy in a Massachusetts cotton mill, and at a spinning frame near worked a bright, sweet, winsome girl, Mary Palmer, who afterwards became Mrs. Banks. Both young people were ambitious and energetic, and, after the mill closed, studied at the evening schools, tired as they were. Mrs. Banks has just died, and the Boston "Journal of Commerce" says of her that she was a lady who, starting in the lowest position that a cotton mill could offer her, rose by means of pluck, high moral character, and eagerness to better her lot, until she finally attained the highest position among the ladies of the State. This is the story of the wife of a governor of Massachusetts.—"Success" for April.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

President.....Mrs. A. P. Peck.
819 Fifteenth street, Oakland
Treasurer.....Mrs S. M. Dodge.
1275 Sixth avenue, Oakland.
Home Secretary.....Mrs. C. B. Bradley.
2639 Durant avenue, Berkeley.
Home Secretary.....Mrs. N. J. Wilcox.
576 East Fourteenth street, Oakland.
Branch Secretary.....Mrs. H. E. Jewett
2511 Benvenue avenue, Berkeley.
Treasurer Young Ladies' Branch.....Miss Grace Goodhue.
1722 Geary street, San Francisco.

Quarterly Meeting.

The next quarterly meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Pacific will be held with the First Congregational church of Berkeley on Wednesday, May 1st. Sessions at 10:45 and 1:30. Lunch will be served by the ladies of the church, at fifteen cents each, the proceeds going to the treasury of the local auxiliary. We are assured of a very recent journal from Micronesia and an address by Rev. Geo. B. Hatch, of the beauty of Berkeley, with its abundance of roses and of the delightful hospitality of the Berkeley church; and we hope to have Miss Searle of Japan and Miss Barker, just from India, as additional attractions. We had supposed that Miss Perkins, from India, would reach her home before May 1st; but hear that visits at the East may detain her. These all-day meetings give a golden opportunity to cultivate fellowship among the women of our churches, and all women,, whether members of missionary societies or not, are very cordially invited to be present.

Zulu Mission.

[Extracts from a letter from Mrs. Dorward of the Zulu Mission, South Africa.]

Again we have been in an unsettled condition and letter-writing has seemed out of the question. We are now, as we hope, in the house we may expect to occupy for some time. At the annual meeting in June, we were stationed here at Adams and as soon as the Bunkers went to America we were to have their house. You may know that it is very near the "Home," so that the labor of moving was not so great as it might have been had it been otherwise. Boys from Jubilee Hall carried our furniture up to this place for us; and in a few days we were comfortably situated, although far from being settled. Mr. Bunker and family sailed September 9th and on the 13th we slept here for the first time. But even at this date, our parlor is not habitable. We have the paint and paper, but the man who was expected to do the work has a sick baby in the house and cannot leave just now; so we must wait still longer. First it was for the paper and paint; now for the man. Our boxes from America, which Mr. Dorward expected would get here before he did, may come tomorrow. They reached the Cape two months ago. This unusual delay is on account of the war. The supplies for the army have the first attention in every case. We wonder how much longer the present state of things must last. The Boers will not yield, although it would seem as if they had lost everything. The cost of this war, who can know?

But all eyes have been drawn to China. It matters little what becomes of the little Transvaal and Free State now. I do not like to think of those who may have had to lay down their lives in China. This week come the names of those who probably have gone to their reward. I knew Mr. Pitkin and his wife. Most of our missionaries have many friends there. I had but these two—

Mrs. Pitkin is in America, but Mrs. Pitkin's name is amongst those lost. I suppose there were many as noble as he who were called to wear the martyr's crown, but none more so. My heart aches for those who have lost loved ones in this awful time; many can never know how they died—whether they were tortured or not.

November 8th.—I am sorry for this delay. My excuse is, I have two little children to care for; as the work is now I do but little else. A friend of mine in town has just welcomed another little stranger, so she lent me the two younger girls, one three and the other one year and eight months. I enjoy the care of them very much. They are such dear, bright little girls.

The boxes (some of them) have come. The neat, strong dresses from California are so much ahead for the time when the school may open again. It did seem such a pity to close it even for the year. We are looking for funds for the new building. Mrs. Ireland is doing what she can; Mr. Bunker, too, has this on his heart. Whatever is done must be done quickly, for the time is passing. This generation of girls will soon be in houses of their own and, if not taught, will make no better ones than their mothers did. We are not sure where the new building will be placed—perhaps at Ifumi, where the land is rich and fruitful. "Our girls" could go there very easily. Some of our missionaries say that all the good things should not be placed here at Adams. There are several reasons why it might be well to go somewhere else not far away. Do pray that there may be no mistake made in regard to this school.

My women are quite faithful in coming at seven Tuesday morning to the prayer-meeting, although they are working hard in their gardens just now. The average is at least twenty every week. I wish you could hear their prayers, so humble, so earnest, so far-reaching. I am taking the Lord's Prayer just now, sentence by sentence. This week the subject was, "Thy Kingdom Come."

I do not use an interpreter now. Have not done so for several months. I do not find it as hard as I had expected. Mr. Dorland is almost overwhelmed with the work which has fallen to him. He did not return as rested as I had hoped he would. Still, he is much better. Oh, for more men, so that those now here may not break under the awful pressure of work!

Turkish Cruelties in Macedonia.

By Tihomiroff (Son of Quiet Peace).

It is very difficult for any one who comes from England, France, Germany, or any other foreign country to understand well the condition of the Christians under Turkish rule. When some one comes from a foreign country, he will be likely to stop in two or three of the great cities of Macedonia, and spend a few days in each, visiting some of the officials, who are very polite to him, and are likely to make a good impression upon his mind in their favor. In passing through the streets, the Turks who sit in front of the Turkish coffee shops will get up and salute him very politely, seeing by his hat (everybody in Turkey wears a red cap), and by the company escorting him, that he is some great European or American. The oppressed Christians are afraid to approach him and if some one does he is very likely to be a Turkophile, and will have only praises for the good rule of the Turk, and the blessed life of the Christians in Turkey. The foreign visitor goes to his country with the impression in his mind that the Turks are better than the Christians under Turkish rule, and that if sometimes they show themselves cruel, it is because they have been roused by the obstinate Armenians or Bulgarians. Even such a man as Sidney Whitman, Esq., was deceived by this outward politeness of the Turks when he visited Turkey during the last war with Greece.

Now let me begin my story. (The district enclosed by Rilo, Perin, and Rodope Mountains is called Razlag. The population is mostly Bulgarian, mixed with about one-third of Turks. In this district there are several large villages. One of them is called Banya (Bath), because there are hot mineral springs around it.) If you take a larger map of the Balkan Peninsula and draw your finger south of Sofia (the capital of Bulgaria) just when you cross the Turkish boundary, there will find the district of Razlag. Last June several young Turks of Banya, well armed, came to one of the fields of that village where two Bulgarian beauties worked together with their mother and a younger brother. They wanted to carry away by force the two sisters. The older one succeeded in escaping. The Turks seized the younger sister and with great difficulty were able to tie her behind one of the Turks who was on horseback, and carried away the girl on one knew where. The Government was informed but did not take any action. Several days after the capture they brought the girl, dressed like a Turkish lady, to confess before the officials that she willingly accepted the faith of Islam. When she was brought before the County Council in which there are one or two Bulgarian members and a Bulgarian clergyman, she begged the Council to call in her mother before she made any confession. The Council did so. The Turks were sure that she willing to become a Mohammedan. As soon as the girl saw her mother, she tore off the Turkish dress, uncovered her face and threw everything that was Turkish before the President of the Council (a Turkish body), and told the Council that she was ready to die rather than accept the hateful Islam. After this confession (very unexpected by the Turks) the priest got up and led the girl out to his home. The Turks and their officials, maddened by the act of the girl, sent soldiers to beat and imprison every Bulgarian they could find on the streets near the Government house, on the pretext that they were gathering around to make an insurrection. With no one of them was found any weapon that could justify the arrest. But they were kept in prison till a great sum was paid for their liberation. It is a long story, but I must make it short by telling you that the girl and all her family were obliged to flee secretly to Bulgaria. Also some of the witnesses and many of her kinsmen, for the father of the young Turk who wanted to take the girl for his wife said openly that he would severely punish the family and the villages for the shame they brought upon his family. (Is it not strange that after such an insult the guilty one should accuse the innocent?) The father, every Turk in the village, and the officials seemed to have decided to wash the shame of this public failure to Mohammedanize a beautiful Bulgarian girl by the blood of several Bulgarians of the village. And their conduct since then and their open confession in fits of anger, justifies this decision of theirs.

On the 15th of January, after dark, six Bulgarian young men of Banya went to the bath, which was in the middle of an open space and about thirty yards away from the nearest house, as many such baths in Turkey are cared for by no one. As soon as three of them undressed and plunged into the water, and the rest of them were still waiting dressed, the young men heard the approach of three Turks, whom they recognized by the voice. At once they put out the light and asked, "Who is there?" The Turks responded with their revolvers; then began the throwing of large stones in the dark bath room. The dressed young men and one of the naked

ones succeeding in getting into the water-closet connected with the bath and through its hole got into the dirt below. There was another hole through which the dirt ran out on the open space. It was too narrow for the dressed young men, but they succeeded in pushing out through it the naked one, who, with bruised breast and back, ran away to call for help from the neighbors in behalf of his companions. When the neighbors came out and approached the bath with a light, the Turks left the place, carrying away the clothes of the three young men. Light being brought in, they found one of the young men floating dead on the water, with three wounds, one made with a bullet, another in the head with a dagger, and the third one with a yataghan. The other naked young man saved himself under the water.

As soon as the danger was over, they went and informed the village officials. In the morning word was sent to the governor in the town of Nehomia (about one hour's walk from Banya). About evening, the governor of the district sent an official and a doctor. They, together with the city officials and two Bulgarians, went to the horrible scene of the night's event, where the dead naked body was still lying on the stony floor. The doctor examined the corpse and the parents were allowed to bury their only son. They then went to a Turkish coffee shop (this is the custom of the Turks in the village), sent for the companions of the killed young man, who are his cousins, and asked them as to what they knew about the matter. In the presence of the Turkish officials and the two Bulgarians, they told the story from the begining to the end. They gave the names of the murderers, whom the knew perfectly well by the voice. This statement was not very pleasant to the Turkish ears, but they know how to reverse matters. After dark, they sent away the two Bulgarians, and told the companions of the killed young man to stay. During the night began the awful Turkish examination. The young men were put under indescribable torment, which only the Turkish imagination and a long practice in such matters could conceive. They tried hard to compel the young men to forget the true story and confess there and everywhere else that they themselves were the murderers of their companion and cousin. Though their condition was the most pitiful one in the world, for a long time they kept on telling the truth—that the Turks killed him. The torments being extremely increased, one of them (the youngest) seeing that he could not stand it any longer, and preferring imprisonment to the most awful of all deaths, was compelled at last to say that he killed the young man and consented to repeat the story composed by the Turkish officials. Then the act of examination was written out; the two Bulgarians were called in again and compelled to sign it. The young men were taken to the prison in Mehomia as the murderes of their cousin. What will be the end of this awful story, God only knows.

These occurrences are not rare in Macedonia. Such things are usual with the Christian in Macedonia under Turkish rule. The prisons are full of innocent victims of the stone-hearted Turkish Government. If from several companions any escape the Turkish bullet or dagger, the Government is sure to complete the task by accusing and imprisoning them, and commits them to a continuous death in the damp Turkish prisons.

Friends, if you were every-day witnesses of such horrible events, what would you do? Would you wait patiently till your turn came to die from the bullet of the Turk, or to decay in the damp Turkish prisons, or would you prefer to die with rifle in hand, glad that you gave your life for the freedom of your fatherland and sorry that you have but one life to give? It is a shame that the Macedonians have been so late, but "better late than never." Till now they have hoped that the Christian powers of Europe would help to better their condition, but now every hope is gone, and if you see in the nearest future the whole of Macedonia on fire, do not blame, as the Turks do, the unruly Macedonians, but rather blame the Turk who compels the lamb to become a lion.

Our Stewardship.

To every person God commits a trust. Talents differ, vocations vary, opportunities are not to all the same. Yet to every person God entrusts:

1. A life. A soul, a spirit is a wondrous gift. Within my mysterious and marvelous being God puts the sovereignty of my will. I am responsible for what I am. My f culties are at my disposal. I can educate or neglect, develop or destroy them as I choose. My stewardship is to recognize that I am His, and dedicate my powers to his service. "Ye are not your own." "Glorify God in your body;" it belongs to him.

What a trust is this intellect, heart, will, self-conscious personality. What a sphere in which to prove oneself a worthy steward of a worthy Master.

2. "A household." This may stand literally for one's own family. The headship of a home is a divine privilege and honor and an unspeakable responsibility. To have charge of one's own life is a great commission; to have the starting and moulding and directing of other lives, is a still weightier trust. Parents are stewards. Their children are literally entrusted to them. They belong to God; should be trained for him, and saved by being won to a knowledge of his redeeming love in Christ.

3. The "household" of the parable may also mean the church or visible Kingdom of Christ. It may mean also the world of humanity entire, as the vineyard let out to husbandmen. The salvation of the world is entrusted to the disciples of Christ. The lives they live, the principles they teach, the interest in mankind they show, the supremacy of divine ideals in their character and conduct, all reveal their faithfulness as stewards. Were all believers genuine, the hosts of professed Christians is large enough, and possessed of power and resources enough, to speedily take the world for God.

No man in this wondrous nineteenth century better illustrates stewardship than Mr. Moody. He lived for God. His one supreme passion was to do God's will. He gave himself up wholly to God to be used of him. He found his life in losing it. In proportion as he dedicated all to Christ, he received back from him fullness of joy and blessing. A steward of God is an actual possessor. "All things are yours in Christ." What we give we truly possess. What we selfishly keep we lose and with it also ourselves. A steward is God's partner, for his servants are friends. Fidelity is rewarded by sonship and sovereignty. The faithful steward is made ruler over all committed to his care.—New York Observer.

The President's Flower.

Some weeks ago a little lad of seven went to the White House with his parents to pay a visit to our good President. Mr. McKinley lifted the little man on his lap and pinned in his button-hole a lovely pink carnation, which is Mr. McKinley's favorite flower. In years to come, that lad will remember with pride that one of America's greatest statesmen thus honored him, and that a great man was gracious to a little child.—The Christian Herald.

Church News.

Northern California.

Oakland Pilgrim.—The Brotherhood at its last meeting was favored by Mr. R. H. Chamberlain of Oakland with an interesting and valuable paper on "The Municipal Ownership of Public Utilities."

Oakland Market Street.—This church is happy over the acceptance by Rev. J. H. Goodell of the call to the pastorate. It is thought that he will be ready to enter upon the work soon after the middle of May.

Glen Ellen.—The members of the Congregational church of Glen Ellen are pleased at the steady growth and improvement of the church. We are soon to commence a hall near the church for social gatherings. We have just purchased new hymn books. Last Wednesday evening a Christian Endeavor Society was organized. Twenty-one were present and all were interested.

Petaluma.—People wept in the Congregational church of Petaluma last Sunday when the pastor, Rev. J. H. Goodell, announced his acceptance of the call to be again the pastor of the Market Street church of Oakland. He has ministered to a devoted people here, and his presence in our community has been a benediction. He hopes to see the new building dedicated without debt before going from us.

Southern California.

Santa Ana.—Rev. J. H. Cooper and family are in Ohio, whither they are called by the serious illness of relatives.

Riverside.—The annual meeting of the church was held April 3d. The reports from every department of church work were very gratifying. From August until February the pastor, the Rev. Edward F. Goff, was afflicted and unable to discharge either pulpit or pastoral duties. Until December the pulpit was filled by Prof. D. H. Colcord of Pomona College. His ministrations were greatly enjoyed. Since December Rev. Ralph B. Larkin has been with the church, first as supply and now as assistant pastor. He has done faithful and efficient service, and has won a warm place in the affections of the church. Since February Mr. Goff has been preaching once each Sunday, but the church has made provision to retain Mr. Larkin until the full restoration of the pastor to health and strength. The reports of the church show that forty-one accessions have been made to the membership during the year, also the payment of the debt of $2,500, the raising of $900 for benevolences, and of $3,500 for current expenses, making a total raised by the church for the year of $6,900. All the services are well attended, the morning congregations filling the audience room. April 14th Rev. W. H. Day, associate pastor of the First church, Los Angeles, preached with great acceptance. At twilight communion on the same day eleven were received into membership.

Hawaii.

Hilo.—The Hilo Foreign church, J. A. Cruzan, pastor, held a notable communion on Easter Sunday. Eighteen persons entered into covenant, the largest number at any one communion in the thirty-three years' pastorate of the church. Of these fourteen came upon confession of faith.

Children's Day at Redwood.

Last Sunday the first Children's Day note for the year was sounded at Redwood. It was so clear and musical that we trust it will ring and echo throughout the State. The exercise, "Looking Forward," prepared by the C. S. S. and P. S., was used, and though the children had scarcely two weeks in which to prepare, the music and recitations went off without a break. The church was handsomely decorated, the pulpit being covered with a bower of vines and flowers, for the Redwood people do nothing by halves.

In the afternoon Woodside also celebrated the occasion by the use of the same program. The children's happy faces and sweet voices are an inspiration to the work and the workers. The Sunday-school is infused with new life by this occasion, and officers and teachers cheered by the exhibition of interest. If Redwood and Woodside have sounded the keynote for the work, this year it is to be rich in results. *S.*

Notes and Personals.

Prof. C. S. Nash and family are at Santa Cruz for the summer.

The San Bernardino Association will meet at San Bernardino May 7th and 8th.

The Ward Memorial church of Alameda was recognized by council week before last.

Rev. E. Hoskins has accepted a call to the pastorate at Guerneville, and has entered upon the work.

Miss Susan A. Searle, who is at the head of Kobe College, Japan, is expected to arrive in San Francisco on Friday.

Mrs. J. H. Pettee of the American Board will depart from San Francisco for Japan on Thursday of this week, after an absence in this country of four years.

The April numbers of the Spanish Evangel, contains considerable valuable information concerning the work among the Spanish-speaking people in California.

The Rev. J. R. Knodell of Santa Cruz occupied the pulpit of Bethany church of this city Sunday morning and evening, Dr. Pond being at Santa Cruz in the interests of the work of the Chinese Mission.

The Colma Sunday-school has made a contribution of $5 to Home Missionary work. This Sunday-school work is in connection with our Ocean View church, and Rev. H. Burr preaches there each Sunday evening.

The San Andreas Citizen in noting the departure of Rev. B. F. Moody from the pastorate at that place, to take up work soon in another field, says: "Mr. Moody was a tireless worker in spreading the gospel and his little flock deeply regrets his departure from their midst."

Rev. George E. Atkinson, pastor at Etna, has an extensive field of work. He preaches at Etna every Sunday morning as well as some of the Sunday evenings. At Oro Fino, ten miles distant, the first and third Sunday afternoons of each month; at Callahans, distant from Etna thirteen miles, the second and fourth Sunday evenings; at McConaughy, seven miles distant, alternate Monday evenings.

The Rev. R. H. Sink of Stockton occupied the pulpit of the First church last Sunday in exchange with Dr. Adams. On Monday Mr. Sink read at the Ministers' Meeting a paper concerning the criticisms that are made of the church. It was based on replies received by him to questions sent out to the people of Stockton and vicinity, and in its information and conclusions elicited much interest and approval. Evidently the current criticism is largely in ignorance of what Christianity and

A Los Angeles friend writes concerning the East Los Angeles church, of which the Rev. C. P. Dorland is pastor: "The church is in a prosperous condition, numercially, financially and spiritually. A noble work is being done by the young people, both in their own society and in the various departments of the church." Easter Sunday was begun by the young people with a sunrise consecration meeting.

the church really are. With all its faults, it can be said, as the writer of the paper said: "The church has less to surrender than the world has to bring it back to God." Mr. Sink's visit to the city was cut short by a telegram announcing the sudden death of Mrs. Levi Langdon, the wife of one of the deacons of his church.

A Southern California pastor writes: "I must tell you that I went to bed one night this week with a severe headache, and I had a dream. I am not sure whether this dream was the child of an impaired digestion or not—as was the headache; but I dreamed I had fallen heir to a comfortable little sum of money, and the very first thing I did was to send you a check for $100—'just to relieve present pressure; use it where it is needed most for The Pacific just now.' If the money comes you shall have your $100. I would send it anyway if I had it."

A writer in the Pacific Christian Endeavorer, Belle Sumner Angier, tells of the organization in 1885, in the First Congregational church of Berkeley, of the first Junior Society in California, and of some of the influences that have gone out from it. The first Superintendent of the society was Miss Mary Perkins, and after she had gone to join her brother in India, says the writer, "it was not strange that we girls in our love for this dear one took new interest in missions, nor that two of our ablest should follow her example—for Miss Gertrude Barker of Berkeley was one of our little ones who felt called to India, and Miss Mary Dibble spent many years in frozen Alaska, and is now a city missionary in Santa Cruz." Miss Barker, the one who from that little band felt called later to India, having spent nearly seven years in consecrated work there, is now en route to California. Loving hearts could not wait her arrival when once she had started for home, and Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Barker of Berkeley—her parents—accompanied by their other daughter, went a short time ago to meet her in Honolulu. Next week's steamer will land them in San Francisco, and one to whom the hearts of Pacific Coast missionary workers have gone out very tenderly and lovingly for many years will grace by her presence the quarterly meeting of the Woman's Board, which is to be held in the First church of Berkeley on Wednesday, May 1st.

The series of sermons on "Common Sense Views on Religious Questions," which the pastor of the First Congregational church of Oakland has been giving for several Sunday evenings, was closed last Sunday evening by a service devoted to the answering of questions propounded by the members of the congregation. In his prefactory remarks Mr. Brown said that the questions that had been sent in were all honest, serious questions, and as such merited the very best answers he could give. Referring to his series of sermons, he said that the common sense view was always the Scriptural view, that the Scriptures and common sense always harmonized. As usual Jonah had to have consideration, and Mr. Brown was glad to state that he stood by Jonah—not exactly as Mr. Moody stood by him, but that he believed in the inspiration of the man who wrote the book. It should not be regarded as history, but as parable; and as such it had its valuable lessons. To the question, "Do you attach as much value to Christ's death as to his life?" the answer, in part, was: "His death was a part of his life." Replying to a question relating to the living of a Christian life outside of the church, it was said that a man would not be regarded as much of a soldier who should shoulder a gun and go off to the Philippines or South Africa, to fight by himself. In the ranks of the army his life would count most for his country. To the question, "Does God hear the prayers of sinners?" the answer was: "Yes; but God does not hear the man who cherishes a sinful purpose in his heart.

Woman's Home Missionary Union of Southern California.

The thirteenth annual meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Union of Southern California was held, in connection with the eleventh meeting of the Woman's Board of the Pacific, at Redlands, April 10th, 11th and 12th. The attendance was the largest in the history of the organized work of the women of our churches, and all the sessions were of great interest.

Perfect weather, abounding hospitality, the beautiful new church, with its spacious and convenient social rooms, the warm spiritual tone of the meetings, and the presence of a number of Eastern friends, all deeply interested in the cause of missions, conspired to make this one of the most notable meetings of the Union. Mrs. Warren F. Day of Los Angeles presided and the program as heretofore published was carried out.

The amount raised during the year was $2,849.92, of which $142 was for the Jubilee Fund of the C. H. M. S. When we remember that the Jubilee Fund is to pay the debt of the Mother Society and that the support of Home Missionary churches in California has helped to create that debt, this sum seems small in comparison with the need. The Treasurer's books are open until the middle of May for the Jubilee offerings, and it is hoped that societies and individuals will avail themselves of the opportunity to increase this special fund. Send gifts to Mrs. K. D. Barnes, Treasurer of the Union, Pasadena, Cal.

Monthly Program.

Subject, "California Spanish Missionary Society."

1. Devotional, "Remembering those that are bound, as bound with them."

2. Reading, "Our Spanish Neighbor—His Condition, Temporal and Spiritual."

3. Paper, "The C. S. M. S.—Beginning, Leader and Purpose."

4. How and by whom is it supported?

5. Five reasons, given by five persons, for giving to the Spanish work.

6. "The Evangel,"—who will take it?

7. "The Training School"—What? Why? Where? How maintained?

8. "Sunday-schools and Spanish Missions"—What shall our school do?

9. Reading of slips from The Evangel, previously distributed.

10. Prayer.

This program, with literature, will be sent to each auxiliary. For literature and programs on all Home Missionary subjects, send to Mrs. E. C. Norton, Claremont.

Special attention is called to The Pacific of April 11th, for a full and interesting account of the Spanish work.

"Have little care that life is brief,
And less that art is long;
Success is in the silences,
Fame is in the song."

Inland Empire Letter.

By Iorwerth.

The Rev. F. B. Doane has resigned his pastorate at Cheney, after four years of faithful and efficient service. It is understood that Mr. Doane intends to return to his native state—Massachusetts—for family considerations. It is with profound regret that the church and all his ministerial brethren part with this loyal servant of Jesus Christ. He came from Yale Divinity to this State, and was ordained at Dayton. After commendable service with that church for about two years, he accepted a call to Cheney. Both fields are important and difficult ones, needing wisdom, patience and consecration. He filled the places in a manner that commends his Christian character, faithfulness as a pastor, ability as a preacher, and devotion to the great cause which he serves. His work at Cheney, of which the writer knows the most, has been thorough and substantial, and the results have been gratifying. Every department has been strengthened and developed. The membership has been augmented and built up in the Christian life, and is today in a more hopeful condition than at any time in its history. The church clerk in the report to the Association said: "The church is in good spiritual condition, showing a steadfast and earnest growth in work for Christ. Through individual gifts of a few members the church has undergone extensive repairs externally and internally, making it much more comfortable and attractive. Of the different adjuncts of the church the Ladies' Aid Society deserves especial mention, having done very good work during the past year and being at present in a flourishing condition. Over one hundred dollars was raised at their annual fair and supper. The Sunday-school has a good membership with active teachers and officers. We have a good C. E. society, which we feel is doing aggressive work. Our Junior Endeavor has been productive of very favorable results. Under the superintendence of our pastor's wife, Mrs. Doane, our little ones have learned and profited by many a good moral and spiritual lesson and are being trained up for the kingdom. One thing quite noticeable is the number of children remaining to church services after the Sunday-school, through the influence of the Junior work and a number of the older ones are now on the verge of church membership."

Mr. and Mrs. Doane leave with the good will and best wishes, not only of the church and town of Cheney, but also of all the pastors and others in the State with whom they have associated. We commend them as tried workers, ready and efficient in every good work.

Rev. Geo. R. Wallace, D.D., of Spokane, delivered a lecture at Wardner on the evening of the 18th. He had a good and appreciative audience. His theme was "Fools in Paradise," which was handled in an entertaining, instructive and practical manner. The Doctor spoke also to about two hundred of the public school scholars in the afternoon. He visited Wallace on the following day and thus had a glimpse of the famous Coeur d'Alene country.

How to Speak in Prayer-Meeting.

How shall I speak in prayer-meeting? Would you really like to know? Are you anxious to express what is in your heart? Here are three rules, as simple as A, B. C. First, speak to God about the matter. This must come first, of course. It is more necessary than all your reading or thinking, even though it may be in the best of books—the Bible. It precedes all else. It will clear your way for reading and thinking. Some higher criticism would have been side-tracked long ago, or would have found a track, if there had been more talking to God and less talking to men, when they began to search the Scriptures; and there would be fewer young men and older men who are floundering around in the slough of despond.

Second, have something to say. In other words, have a purpose in your speaking. You might soar like Demosthenes, and have said nothing. If you have spoken to God first about the matter, he will tell you where to find the something. He has promised to do it, and he never fails. I do not mean to infer that it is not necessary to study, but I do mean that if you want to be prepared to take part in the prayer service, or to lead a meeting, prefacing it with remarks, God will give you something to say if you ask him, or the promises are void. It may come in a moment. It may require much searching of God's Word and your own heart. Diamonds are made beautiful by polishing. We dig for gold. It takes a patient angler at times to land the trout. Be not discouraged. God will help find the something and the right something.

Third, say it in straight, plain English, to God's glory. You may not be cultured as culture comes from the schools of learning. You may not know a word of Latin and Euclid may be as dead to you as the hieroglyphics on an Egyptian obelisk, but if God gives you the message, use the tongue God has given you to express it. There is a man whom I know, judging from the English he uses, who must go through the dictionary and pick out all the long words he can find, and the people smile when he speaks. That is not speaking to edification any more than the poor fellow who knocks the king's English down at every blow. Both can improve and make the right preparation.—The Christian Commonwealth.

Spurgeon and the Young Dutchman.

A young man came all the way from Holland once ta ask Mr. Spurgeon the oft-repeated question, "What shall I do to be saved?" He was sitting in his vestry seeing inquirers when the young Dutchman came in and spoke in broken Engish.

"Where did you come from?" asked Mr. Spurgeon.

"I came from Flushing, sir, by boat."

"And you want to know what you must do to be saved? Well, it is a long way to come to ask that question. You know what the answer is, Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"But I cannot believe in Jesus Christ."

"Well, now," said Mr. Spurgeon, "look here. I have believed in him a good many years, and I do trust him; but if you know something or other against him, I should like to know it, for I do not like to be deceived."

"No, sir, I do not know anything against him."

"Why don't you trust him, then? Could you trust me?"

"Yes, I would trust you with anything."

"But you do not know much about me."

"No, not much; only I know you are a preacher of the Word, and I believe you are honest, and I could trust you."

"Do you mean to say," said Mr. Spurgeon, "that you could trust me, and then tell me that you cannot trust Jesus Christ? You must have found something bad against him. Let me know it."

He stood still and thought for a moment, and then said: "I can see it now. Why, of course I can trust him. He is such a blessed One that I must trust him. Good-by, sir," he added; "I will go back to Flushing; it is all right now."—Wesleyan Christian Advocate.

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

A day of days was the 16th inst., when the representatives of the Pilgrim households composing the West Willamette Association assembled with the Hoodview church for its fifth annual meeting. This church, now in its tenth year, organized through the instrumentality of Revs. J. M. and Dora R. Barber, has been ministered unto by them a large part of the time since 1891. The house of worship and parsonage, located in the midst of fertile farms ,stretching away on every side as far as the eye can reach, for beauty of situation cannot be surpassed in the State. While the nearest postoffice is Wilsonville, the name Hoodview was adopted because Mount Hood's lofty, snow-crowned summit, about sixty-five miles eastward, serves as a guardian over the peaceful and beautiful surroundings, and is a perpetual and impressive reminder of the Giver of every good and perfect gift. How any one can visit this charming spot without having his better self most strongly appealed to, is indeed a marvel. From all quarters came delegates and ministers, by rail, by steamboat, by carriage and on foot. The atmosphere was most stimulating and the thirty-mile drive on the part of the delegations from Forest Grove and Hillsboro filled them with hilarity, particularly the staid pastors and the principal of Tualatin Academy —so much so that the daughter of the late President Marsh had a good-sized contract on her hands to keep them within due bounds.

The general theme of the Association was "Our Work for the Beginning of the Twentieth Century." The associational sermon was preached by Rev. Henry L. Bates, of Forest Grove. Organization was effected by the election of Rev. M. D. Dunning, moderator, and Rev. Henry L. Bates, scribe.

With one or two exceptions, the reports from churches indicated an encouraging degree of progress; an improvement in Sunday-schools, missionary work, Y. P. S. C. E. work, and additions to membership.

Rev. A. W. Ackerman, Rev. B. S. Winchester, Mrs. F. Eggert and George H. Himes were made corresponding members, and the latter press reporter.

The work of the Congregational Sunday-school Society was presented in a paper by the superintendent, Rev. R. A. Rowley. This showed that thirty-six new schools had been organized; that new lines of work had been opened; needy localities discovered in the remote portions of the State, where there existed a lack of clothing, of medicine, school privileges, and religious instruction. Hundreds of pounds of clothing had been freely given, medicines procured, and much reading matter distributed, and as a result a good deal of interest aroused.

Rev. Daniel Staver presented a paper on "Christian Responsibility in the Home," emphasizing the value of the home, and the influence going out from it.

"Christian Responsibility in the Church" was given by Rev. A. W. Ackerman. He emphasized the idea of Christ, of the church and of responsibility to both. He sought to show that many of the obstacles arising in opposition to the work of Christ was because of the failure of many professing Christians to appreciate the responsibility resting upon them as such.

Rev. D. B. Gray followed in a paper on "The Work of the Holy Spirit in the Coming Century."

The report of the Missionary Committee was made by Mrs. Cephas F. Clapp.

Committees for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Credentials—Rev. Cephas F. Clapp, Rev. H. L. Bates, E. X. Harding, Rev. D. B. Gray, Rev. J. M. Barber. Business—Rev. E. P. Hughes, Rev. Henry L. Bates, D. M. C. Gault. Missionary—Miss Mary Farnham, Rev. Daniel Staver.

"Woman's Part in the Work" was the title of a paper by Mrs. F. Eggert. This gave a brief review of the organization of woman's missionary societies in Congregational churches of Oregon.

"Our Work in Porto Rico" was the subject of a paper by Mrs. Cephas F. Clapp, giving an outline of the efforts of the American Missionary Association in that island and the encouragement which has been extended.

Rev. Evan P. Hughes then spoke of "Our Work in Hawaii and the Philippines." He said practically the church had no work in Hawaii, because that which was once its work was now conducted on independent lines, and that the church had no work in the Philippines, and hoped it would not for some time to come, because other denominations were at present doing all that could be judiciously done there.

"The Outlook in Japan and the Far East" was the topic of Rev. M. D. Dunning. He gave a brief review of the origin and progress of missions in the East, and in spite of all opposition its condition was now more hopeful, all things considered, than at any other time in the history of missions. In summing up, he concluded that the key of the missionary situation in the Orient today was in the attitude of Japan toward Christianity.

In the evening the cause of Tualatin Academy and Pacific University was presented by Rev. Henry L. Bates, followed by Rev. B. S. Winchester, who gave an address on "The Need and Inspiration of Missions."

Rev. Daniel Staver was chosen delegate to the National Council, which meets in Portland, Me., in October. The association adjourned to meet at Hillsboro next April.

Through the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Barber, assisted by Supt. Clapp, a series of special meetings were recently held at Hoodview church, which resulted in thirty additions to the church, and a deep-seated awakening in the spiritual condition of those who were members of the church before. At least thirty more have signified their intention to lead a Christian life, but have not formally assumed the obligations of a Christian.

Five persons were received by the First church, Salem, last Sunday—two on confession. The ladies of this church, led by Mrs. T. Holverson, who deserves great credit, have fitted up a bed in the city hospital, to be known as the Congregational bed. This is an example worthy of being repeated elsewhere, and emphasizes a practical side in Christianity which is strong in its appeal to those who are not church members. The work in all departments of the church is moving along harmoniously and successfully.

Portland, April 21, 1901.

A Grandmother's Rules.

Somebody's grandmother has bequeathed to her descendants these admirable rules of conduct:

Always look at the person to whom you speak. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this.

Speak your words plainly; do not mutter or mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

Do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent.

Think three times before you speak once.

Have you something to do that you find hard and would prefer not to do? Do the hard thing first and get it over with. If you have done wrong, go and confess it. If your lesson is tough, master it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first and play afterwards. Do first the thing you don't like to do, and then, with a clear conscience, try the rest.—Presbyterian Record.

The Home.

The Line of Least Resistance.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

It is always there. For it exists everywhere in the universe, and human life is but a part of the universal scheme of things. Along the line of least resistance our earthly life is shaped. Yet, in this world of ours, there are many, many excellent people who have no conception, apparently, of such a line, and consequently never avail themselves of it in the least. On the contrary, their theory of life seems to be that the more resistance they create as they go along, the stronger their lives are, and the more enduring the results of them will be. They even select, at times, as if by instinct, the line of the most resistance, and but as joyfully against a stone wall of opposition as if they were animals, not men, and were not endowed with human reason in order that they might see the gap in the fence lower down. "Persistence has always been my motto," said a disappointed reformer of this type, who had spent a quarter of a century in steadily (and unnecessarily) offending certain firmly established prejudices of human nature, "and I will persist to the last, though things seem worse now than when I began." No wonder that a tactful colleague, joining in the work, took it further along in one year than the other had done in twenty-five!

Progress, indeed, must find and follow the line of the least resistance. This is not a theory, but a law of nature. There is always a weak place in any abuse, always a soft spot in the hardest nature, always a position from whence the opposition forces can be flanked.

History has this truth writ large over each page that tells of progress. Resistance may be expected, but it is where the resistance is least that the reform first finds its feet and goes ahead. To conquer the Matterhorn, its slopes had to be studied. There is neither wisdom nor bravery in choosing the strongest point of the enemy's lines for an attack. The born conqueror knows better.

As in the larger lines of life, so in the smaller ones—the person who desires success should learn this truth, and follow it. The man who is always putting people out is neither beloved nor befriended. In so everyday a thing as domestic life, some women can not keep their servants because they make irritating points, and create an atmosphere of conflict which sets cook and housemaid in battle array at once. They command, they insist, where a wiser woman would manage all without friction. Oil conquers the storm; sun scatters the mist; the gentler persistence is, the more likely it is to carry its point.

"I have endless struggles with my little girl, to make her obey," complained one mother to another. "This morning I told her to pick up her playthings, and she flatly refused. I argued with her, and at last I whipped her, and still she wouldn't pick them up. I feel perfectly exhausted, and yet I must go on until she obeys me, or lose control over her. Did you ever have such an experience?"

"Often," said the other, with a reminiscent smile.

"What did you do?" asked the first. "I'm sure I don't feel like smiling over it!"

"Well," said the wiser mother, "I have learned that it is best to leave the playthings on the floor in such a case, and set out to divert the child's mind. You see, it is a sort of fixed idea, often, like the balking of a horse, that makes a child behave so. After it is once thoroughly interested and diverted I find that a second quiet request that the playthings should be picked up is almost always obeyed. The child cannot get its mind back at once into the fixed, stubborn attitude, and so you take it at a disadvantage, even if it really desires to disobey, which is seldom the case. I make fewer points with each child that I have to train, and each obeys me better, in consequence."

She had learned the line of least resistance in child-training. Others learn it in dealing with men and women. Others still employ it in guiding difficult enterprises to a successful conclusion. It does not imply insincerity and deceit, as the people who habitually create resistance are apt to assert. The explorer who uses the river instead of pushing his way through the tangled forest along its banks is surely not open to reproach. To yield, to compromise, to back down before resistance is one thing; to find the line of least resistance, and advance steadily along it, is a different affair altogether. To do evil that good may come, or to act on the Jesuitical principle that the end justifies the means, is not to avoid resistance, but, in the end, to create as the Jesuits did a resistance almost impossible to surmount. The wisdom of the serpent may be needed to find it, but the harmlessness of the dove can be predicated of it, also.

One thing the seeker after it will certainly learn—that the rights and even the prejudices of others are worth respecting. Sympathy means insight and so, influence. To rub a man's mind the wrong way is hardly a wise beginning if his conversion or aid is desired. To scoff at a prejudice is not likely to remove it. And sometimes it is our own prejudices, our own limitations, our own faults, that hinder the progress of our plans. It may even be well for us, perhaps, to lose our point sometimes, and come to recognize that others have reason, as well as ourselves, to persist and resist. We are, at times, to put it paradoxically, our own greatest obstacle. We trip over ourselves and then blame others. Not until we recognize this, not until we put ourselves in the places of those who resist our advances, and realize why they resist, does the line of least resistance magically unfold itself to our seeking vision, and true progress, slow but sure, becomes possible.—The Interior.

At our hotel was a beautiful girl, educated, clever, thoroughly up-to-date. A handsome fellow was paying her devoted attention, whenever he was sober enough to do so. All of us felt anxious lest his attractive manners and lavish display of wealth should win the girl. One evening late she came into my room, and, settling herself among the pillows of the couch, said, "John proposed tonight, went down on his knees, said I was the only power on earth that could save him, and if I didn't consent to become his wife he would fill a drunkard's grave." "What did you say?" I asked, breathlessly. "I told him that I was not running a Keely Cure, but if he really wanted to be saved from a drunkard's grave, I could give him the address of several I had heard highly commended."—Selected.

"Hearing a Bible story and learning a text should form part of the children's employment every Sunday afternoon," says a writer in the February "Ladies' Home Journal." However busy the mother may be in the week, she should take time on this day to gather her children about her and teach them herself. She cannot delegate this duty to the Sunday-school without serious loss to them and to herself. It is said that children nowadays do not know the Bible. They are so unfamiliar with it that Bible allusions in conversation or in other books are not understood, and its language is strange to their ears. Only the mothers can remedy this, as the Bible is not read in the schools. The rising generation will never know their own sacred Book unless the mothers bestir themselves and teach it."

Our Boys and Girls.

The Slave Boy Who Became a Leader.

Booker T. Washington, that remarkable leader of the colored race, was himself a slave. But, says a writer in the "United Presbyterian," so little importance was attached to his coming into the world that no note was made either of the time or place of his birth. Regarding this, he says: "I am not quite sure of the exact place or time of my birth, but as I am here, I presume it must have been somewhere and sometime. As nearly as I have been able to learn, I was born in the vicinity of a cross-roads postoffice, called Halis Ford, and the year was either 1858 or 1859."

The little cabin which he shared with his mother, brother, and sister, was also used as the plantation kitchen, his mother being the plantation cook. The cabin was devoid of comfort, being without glass windows, a hole cut in the logs serving to let in light and air, and the cold winds of winter besides. There was no floor, except the bare ground, and the beds of the household consisted of pallets stretched upon this earth-floor.

The little Booker's first pair of shoes were wooden ones, or at least they had wooden soles, with heavy leather uppers, and made such a dreadful noise when he walked that he soon had a habit of kicking them off when he walked where he could be seen by any person. But his greatest cross was the wearing of his flax shirts when they were new, and he says that even to this day he shudders when he thinks of the agony he endured until the garment was ready for the wash. On several occasions his elder brother John was so generous as to "break-in" the rough garment for him, "the most self-sacrificing act," he declares, "that one slave could do for another."

The little slave boy had no schooling, but the glimpse he got of boys and girls intent upon their books, when on several occasions he accompanied his young mistress to the door, so glorified study as to almost transform the school-room into paradise, and the greatest joy he experienced when he knew that he was free was that he could go to school. When asked to tell the boys something about the sports and amusements of his early life, he said:

"I have no recollection of ever having a playtime, not even in my childhood. My time was fully taken up with some kind of work, running errands, 'toting' water to the field hands, gathering chips for my mother, weeding in the garden, and many other similar jobs, that required no more strength than to run and play."

Not until he was a good-sized lad did he find out that he was a slave, or that his people were looking forward to a day when they should be free. Then the knowledge came to him as a shock, and it was a long time before he recovered from the fright it gave him. One morning, long before the candles were lighted in the slave-quarters, he was awakened out of a sound sleep by his mother kneeling by his low pallet, sobbing, and praying that Lincoln's soldiers might gain the victory, and that very, very soon, she and her children might be free. The intensity of her grief frightened him, and he begged to know what ailed her. Then she told him that they were slaves, and that some day they might be sold to indifferent masters and be separated, perhaps never to meet again. He was greatly distressed, and when his mother crept back to her pallet for an hour's rest, he lay awake trembling with fear, his heart almost broken over the prospect of parting from mother and brother and sister. He never forgot that night of anguish, and afterwards, when he went as usual to the big house to keep the flies off the table, he was alert to catch the meaning of the "white folks' talk," as he had been stupid before.

But at last there came a day at the close of the war when all the slaves were summoned to the great house to hear the Emancipation Proclamation read, and to be told that they were now free and at liberty to go and come as they chose. The little boy was too young to comprehend the meaning of the long paper, but knew from the day of rejoicing that the day of "jubilee," whatever that might be, had come. Then it was that his mother, standing among her children, leaned over and kissed them, and with the tears of joy running down her cheeks explained to them that this was the day for which she had been longing and praying, but never expected to see. But with this rejoicing on the part of the slaves, there was a mingling of sadness, for there was much affection between master and slave, and neither party was prepared to live without the assistance of the other.

Being free did not change the little slave boy's ambition to become acquainted with the inside of a school-room, and to study those books that had seemed so attractive in the hands of the white children; it became the one desire of his life.

Then began the struggle that has led him up from slavery to his present exalted position among his fellows, a leader of men, a Moses among his people, to guide them out of the wilderness in which they have been wandering, into the promised land of peace and plenty. But the slave did not come into his inheritance of a leader by simply wishing to become a helper of his down-trodden people. How he studied and toiled and sacrificed to prepare himself for the work to which he has been called, is but a repetition of the story that for ages has been told of the world's successful toilers.

Confidence in a Boy Rewarded.

In the Kalamazoo Gazette of December 20, 1879, is recorded the following, which is worth reproducing:

"During the session of the late Episcopal convention in Boston, the Bishop of Louisiana, in crossing the commons, met a boy whose face he fancied, and, calling to him, he asked him if he had anything to do just then, to which he said no. 'Are you a good boy?' The little fellow scratched his head and replied: 'I am not a very good boy. I cuss a little sometimes.' The candid answer inspired the bishop with confidence, and then he said, after giving his name and address: 'I want you to go there and get a bundle for me, and bring it to my hotel. There will be a charge of $8; here is the money to pay it, and a half-dollar which you will keep for doing the errand.' On his return to the hotel, the bishop's friends laughed at him for his credulity, telling him that he would never see boy, bundle or money again; but in half an hour the young chap returned bringing the bundle and a receipted bill for $8.50, the bishop having made a slight mistake as to the amount that was due. 'How did you manage to pay the extra half-dollar?' he inquired. 'I took the money you gave me for the job. I knew that you would make it all right.' And 'all right' it was made."

And I have no doubt the confidence that was reposed in that boy did him good as long as he lived. Put more confidence in your children.—Religious Telescope.

THE ESSENTIAL THING.

Even in secular teaching the most effective instructor is the one who takes a personal interest in the progress of each pupil. The "Evangelist Teacher" well says: "The absence of love has broken up many a class, and made barren much teaching. Its absence has turned teaching into a weariness of the flesh, and Sunday-school attendance into an early morning funeral occasion. Christ the Master must be loved, the scholars must be loved, work must be loved for their sakes. But the love springs not up at will for this or that, God or man. True, but the love of which we speak is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us. If love speeds not your footsteps, opens not your heart into a glow of desire—then—then where is your personal standing in the love of God?"

A MARVELOUS CHANGE.

"Behold I make all things new." There is no human power so enviable as that whereby a man is able out of worn-out materials to construct a new machine, or convenience or work of art; the more enviable according to the contrast between the inadequacy of the means and the beauty and perfection of the result. We call this power genius, and admire it as the supreme manifestation of human faculty. But the world can show nowhere else another Christ who has made all things new to the soul because the soul itself is created anew. Suddenly a man who has been sleeping in indifference, or blinded by passion, and who has been feeling the sadness and somberness and dreariness of everything, wakes up to a new conception of everything, because Jesus has touched his heart. There is nothing more wonderful than this in the universe. Were it less frequent it would be more marvelous in our eyes. It is the miracle of miracles.—Ram's Horn.

MOTHERS BEFORE MINISTERS.

Dr. Cuyler pertinently says: God made mothers before he made ministers; and I defy any minister to do any wide converting work in his parish if the homes and the households are the nurseries of utter worldliness. Childhood is the golden time for conversions; and I feel confident that if parents and Sunday-school teachers did their duty thoroughly we should have a generation growing up into the church a[illegible]ristian living instead of the young being left to run at large in the vain hope of being overtaken and "lassoed" in the "revival."

THE CHRISTIAN CITIZEN.

Happy is the man who can keep a level head and amiable temper in these times of political excitement. But a Christian must do this. He must illustrate in himself the power and the beauty of the Christian religion. He must not degrade his Christian profession by intemperate speech or conduct. It is during such times that the Christian has the opportunity to make the best impression for Christ, and to do the most good for his fellow-man. A Christian politician is all right, just so he does not forget the Christian in the politician.—Christian Courier.

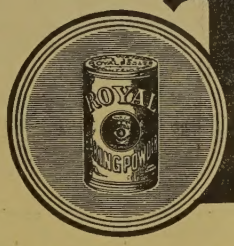
Prayers made when we were young may be answered when we are old.—Henry.

PROHIBITION PEAS.

Dr. Kenyon of New York, in a recent sermon made excellent use of the following prohibition peas, which he said were too good to remain in the pod:

Prohibition prevents poverty;
Protects property;
Promotes peace;
Produces plenty;
Procures progress;
Perpetuates prosperity;
Provides pleasure;
Prophesies paradise.

If only the worthy people were saved heaven would be empty. Some high-toned people asked Jesus how they could be saved. Did he tell 'em to endow colleges or start religious newspapers? Not a bit of it. His answer was, "This is the work of God, that you believe in him whom he has sent. Get salvation and then work it out." You must have it first. It is always represented as a gift.



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There are women who feel something like a grudge against the children, who, one after another rob their mother of her beauty and strength. Men do not usually realize how much the mother gives to each child to her own loss. Women accept it as part of the obligation of Nature and pay the debt grudgingly. Yet in Nature's plan every child is a new joy and fresh happiness. It isn't the children that steal the mother's strength. It is the unnatural drains and pains which weaken her.

Every woman who has used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has found in it the one thing woman has waited for. It stops the drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, makes the baby's advent a pleasure and his life a blessing. No opiates or narcotics are contained in "Favorite Prescription."

"I read what your medicine had done for other people," writes Mrs. Edwin H. Gardner, Box 70, Beechwood, Norfolk Co., Mass., "so thought I would try it, and I found that it was a blessing to me and my family. I began in June and took six bottles of your medicine, and three vials of 'Pellets.' I took your medicine a year when I had a ten pound girl. I had the easiest time I ever had with any of my children. I have been very well since. I took three bottles of "Favorite Prescription, three of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and three vials of 'Pellets.' I had no appetite and could not eat much without it distressing me. Before I took the medicine I only weighed 135 pounds, and now I weigh 175."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets clear the brain by cleansing the body of the corruption which clouds it.

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That men are saved by hope is a fact of experience as well as a discovery of revelation; for nothing good or great was ever achieved by a perfectly hopeless man.

If you will make a habit of looking for the good instead of the evil in your associates and companions, you will often be pleasantly surprised at your discoveries.

If your efforts to do good are not appreciated by your fellow-men, you may have at least this pleasing consciousness: that they are appreciated by your Heavenly Father.

As a fountain finds its expression in overflowing; as a river, in rushing to the infinite main; as trees, bursting into life and blossom in the springtide, so God feels it his joy to give liberally, and to give above all we can ask or think or desire, for Christ's sake.—Cumming.

A converted Japanese Buddhist being asked why he had become a Christian when Buddhism gave him rest, answered: "Yes, it gives rest, but it is the rest of stagnation, tending downwards. Christ's rest is the rest of a living peace, lifting upwards. The priests in the temple, sitting still, and the old women who worship are at rest, but they have no aspiration. It is stillness without uplift, or strength. Their religion is indolence."

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In a town in Ohio last fall there was a lawsuit begun concerning the settlement of an estate, and involving property to a large amount. When the court opened for the trial of the case it was learned, greatly to the surprise of the lawyers, that the litigants had come to an amicable settlement a few nights previous at a prayer-meeting in the church. That is certainly a better way of settling disputes than by having a long and bitter contest at law.

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